A Modern Buccaneer

Rolf Boldrewood

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A MODERN BUCCANEER

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BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1894

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CHAPTER IX

HALCYON DAYS

We were now bound for Arrecifos Island, Hayston's central station, but had first to call at Pingelap and Strong's Island, where we were to land our cattle and ship a few tuns of oil.

Nine days after leaving Ponapé, as the sun broke through the tropic haze, the look-out reported smoke in sight. The Captain and I at once went aloft, and with our glasses made out a steamer a long distance off.

Hayston said he thought it was the *Resacca*, an American cruiser. Possibly she might overhaul us and take us into Ponapé.

Unless the breeze freshened we could not get away from her.

We were heading N.N.E. close hauled, and the steamer appeared to be making for Ponapé. She was sure to see us within an hour unless she changed her course.

The *Leonora* was kept away a couple of points, but the wind was light, and we were only travelling about four knots.

At breakfast time we could see the man-of-war's spars from the deck, and the breeze was dying away. The Captain and I went on the foreyard and watched her.

She had not as yet changed her course, but apparently did not seem anxious to overtake us.

At length Hayston said with a laugh, as he took a long look at her, 'All right, keep full, and by (to the man at the wheel) ——, brace up the yards again, she doesn't want to stop us. It's that old Spanish gunboat from

Manila, a "side wheeler." I was told she was coming down to Ponapé from Guam to look after some escaped Tagalau prisoners. She'd never catch us if she wanted to with anything like a breeze.'

That night the Captain seemed greatly relieved. He told me that it would prove a bad business for him if an American cruiser took him; and although he did not anticipate meeting with one in these parts, he gave me full instructions how to act in the event of his seizure. He placed in my charge two bags of gold coin of two thousand dollars each, and a draft for a thousand dollars on Godde-ffroy's in Samoa.

After which he declared that the ship was getting dull lately, and ordered the steward's boy to beat the gong and call out the girls for a dance.

For the next hour or two wild merriment prevailed. Antonio, the Portuguese, with

his violin, and the Captain with his flute, furnished the music, while half a dozen of the girls were soon dancing with some of the picturesque ruffians of the foc'sle.

For days and days we had scarcely shifted tack or sheet, so gentle and steady was the wind that filled our sails; but the easterly equatorial counter current that prevails in these calm seas was sweeping us steadily on towards Strong's Island at the rate of two or three knots an hour.

On some days we would lower a floating target and practise with the long gun carried amidships, on others the Captain and I would pass away an hour or two shooting at bottles with our rifles or revolvers.

Hayston was a splendid shot, and loud were the exclamations from the crew when he made an especially clever shot; at other times he would sit on the skylight, and with the girls around him, sewing or card-playing,

tell me anecdotes of his career when in the service of the Chinese Government.

There were on board two children, a boy and girl — Toby and Kitty — natives of Arurai or Hope Island. They were the Captain's particular pets, in right of which he allowed them full liberty to tease any one on the ship.

He was strongly attached to these children, and often told me that he intended to provide for them.

Their father, who was one of his boat's crew, had fallen at his side when the natives of the island had boarded the vessel. On his next cruise he called at Arurai and took them on board, the head chief freely giving his permission to adopt them. I mention this boy and girl more particularly, because the American missionaries had often stated in the Honolulu journals 'that Hayston had kidnapped them after having killed their father.'

His story was that on his first visit to the Pelew Islands with Captain Peese, the vessel they owned, a small brigantine, was attacked by the natives in the most daring manner, although the boarding nettings were up and every preparation made to repel them.

He had with him ten seamen—mostly Japanese. Captain Peese was acting as first mate. An intelligent writer has described these Pelew Islanders, the countrymen of the young Prince Lee Boo, whose death in England caused genuine sorrow, as 'delicate in their sentiments, friendly in their disposition, and, in short, a people that do honour to the human race.'

The Captain's description of the undaunted manner in which fifty of these noble islanders climbed up the side of the brigantine, and slashed away at the nettings with their heavy swords, was truly graphic. Stripped to the waist they fought gallantly and unflinchingly,

though twelve of their number had been killed by the fire of musketry from the brigantine. One of them had seized Captain Peese by his beard, and, dragging him to the side, stabbed him in the neck, and threw him into the prahu alongside, where his head would have soon left his body, when Hayston and a Japanese sailor dashed over after him, and killed the two natives that were holding him down, while another was about to decapitate him. At this stage three of the brigantine's crew lay dead and nearly all were wounded, Hayston having a fearful slash on the thigh.

There were seventeen islanders killed and many badly wounded before they gave up the attempt to cut off the vessel.

The father of Kitty and Toby was the steward. He had been fighting all through like a demon, having for his weapon a carpenter's squaring axe. He had cut one islander down with a fearful blow on the

shoulder, which severed the arm, the limb falling on the deck, when he was attacked by three others. One of these was shot by a Japanese sailor, and another knocked down by the Captain, when the poor steward was thrust through from behind and died in a few minutes.

The Captain spoke highly of the courage and intelligence of the Pelew Islanders, and said that the cause of the attack upon the vessel was that, being under the Portuguese flag—the brigantine was owned by merchants in Macao—the natives had sought to avenge the bombardment of one of their principal towns by two Portuguese gunboats a year previously.

Hayston afterwards established friendly relations with these very people who had attacked him, and six months afterwards slept ashore at their village alone and unarmed.

From that day his perfect safety was assured. He succeeded in gaining the friendship of the principal chiefs by selling them a hundred breech-loading rifles and ten thousand cartridges, giving them two years' time to pay for them. He also gave nearly a thousand dollars' worth of powder and cartridges to the relatives of the men killed in attempting to cut off the brigantine.

Such was one of the many romantic incidents in Hayston's career in the wild islands still farther to the north-west. That he was a man of lion-like courage and marvellous resolution under the most desperate circumstances was known to all who ever sailed with him. Had not his recklessness and uncontrollable passions hurried him on to the commission of deeds that darkened for ever his good name, his splendid qualities would have earned him fame and fortune in any of those national enterprises which have in

all ages transformed the adventurer into the hero.

One day, while we sat talking together, gazing upon the unruffled deep, he had been explaining the theory of the ocean currents, as well as the electrical phenomena of the Caroline group, where thunder may be heard perhaps six times a year, and lightning seen not once. I unthinkingly asked him why he did not commit his observations to paper, as I felt sure that the large amount of facts relating to the meteorology of the Pacific, of which he was possessed, would be most valuable, and as such secure fitting recognition by the scientific world.

He smiled bitterly, then answered, 'Hilary, my boy, it is too late. I am an outlaw in fact, if not in name. The world's doors are closed, and society has turned its back on me. Out of ten professed friends nine are false, and would betray me to-morrow. When

I think of what I once was, what I might have been, and to what I have now fallen, I am weary of existence. So I take the world as it comes, with neither hope nor fear for the morrow, knowing that if I do not make blue shark's meat, I am doomed to leave my bones on some coral islet.'

And thus the days wore on. We still drifted under cloudless skies, over the unfretted surface of the blue Pacific, the brig's sails ever and anon swelling out in answer to the faint, mysterious breeze-whispers, to fall languidly back against her spars and cordage.

Passing the Nuknor or Monteverde Islands, discovered by Don Juan Monteverde in 1806, in the Spanish frigate *La Pala*, we sailed onward with the gentle N.E. trades to Overluk, and then to Losap. Like the people of Nuknor, the Losap Islanders were a splendid race, and most hospitable. Then we made the Mortlock group, once so dreaded

by whale-ships. These fierce and warlike islanders made most determined efforts to cut off the whale-ships *Dolly Primrose* and *Heavenly City*. To us, however, they were most amiable in demeanour, and loud cries of welcome greeted the Captain from the crowd of canoes which swarmed around the brig.

Then commenced one of the reckless orgies with which the brig's crew were familiar. Glad to escape the scene, I left the brig and wandered about in the silent depths of the island forest.

The Captain here, as elsewhere, was evidently regarded as a visitor of immense importance, for as I passed through the thickly populated villages the people were cooking vast quantities of pigs, poultry, and pigeons.

The women and girls were decorating their persons with wreaths of flowers, and

the warriors making preparations for a big dance to take place at night. I had brought my gun with me, and shot some of the magnificent pigeons which throng the island woods, which I presented to the native girls, a merry group of whom followed me with offerings of cocoa-nuts, and a native dish made of baked bananas, flavoured with the juice of the sugar-cane.

I could not have eaten a fiftieth part of what was offered, but as declining would have been regarded as a rudeness, I begged them to take it to the chief's house for me.

On my return a singular and characteristic scene presented itself. I could not help smiling as I thought what a shock it would have given many of my steady-going friends and relatives in Sydney, most of whom, if untravelled, resemble nothing so much as the inhabitants of English country towns, and are equally apt to be displeased at

any departure from the British standard of manners and morals.

The Captain was seated on a mat in the great council-house of the tribe, talking business with a white-headed warrior, whom he introduced as the king of the Mortlock group. The women had decorated the Captain's neck and broad breast with wreaths —two girls were seated a little farther off, binding into his hat the tail-feathers of the tropic bird. He seemed in a merry mood, and whispering something to the old man, pointed to me.

In a moment a dozen young girls bounded up, and with laughing eyes and lips, commenced to circle around me in a measure, the native name of which means 'a dance for a husband.'

They formed a pretty enough picture, with their waving arms and flowing flower-crowned hair. I plead guilty to applauding

vociferously, and rewarding them with a quantity of the small red beads which the Mortlock girls sew into their head-dresses.

Thus, with but slight variations, our life flowed, if monotonously, pleasantly, even luxuriously on—as we sailed to and fro amid these charmed isles, from Namoluk to Truk, thence to the wondrously beautiful Royalist Islands, inhabited by a wild, vigorous race. They also made much of us, and gave dances and games in honour of our visit.

And still we sailed and sailed. Days passed, and weeks. Still glided we over the summer sea—still gazed we at a cloudless sky—still felt we the languorous, sighing breath of the soft South Pacific winds.

Day by day the same flock of predatory frigate birds skimmed and swept o'er the glittering ocean plain, while high overhead the wandering tropic birds hung motionless, with their scarlet tail-feathers floating like

lance pennons in relief against the bright blue heavens.

Now, the Captain had all a true seaman's dislike to seeing a sea-bird shot. One day, off Ocean Island, Jansen, the mate, came out of the cabin with a long smooth-bore, which he proceeded to load with buck shot, glancing the while at two graceful tropic birds, which, with snow-white wings outspread, were poised in air directly over the deck, apparently looking down with wondering eye at the scene below.

'What are you going to shoot, Jansen?' inquired the Captain, in a mild voice.

The mate pointed to the birds, and remarked that his girl wanted the feathers for a head-dress. He was bringing the gun to his shoulder, when a quick 'Put down that musket,' nearly caused him to drop it.

'Jansen!' said the Captain, 'please to remember this,—never let me see you or any

other man shoot a sea-bird from the deck of this ship. Your girl can live without the feathers, I presume, and what is more to the point, I *forbid* you to do it.'

The mate growled something in an undertone, and was turning away to his cabin, when Hayston sprang upon him like a panther, and seizing him by the throat, held him before him.

'By ——! Jansen,' he said, 'don't tempt me too far. I told you as civilly as possible not to shoot the birds—yet you turn away and mutter mutinously before my men. Listen to me! though you are no seaman, and a thorough "soldier," I treat you well for peace' sake. But once give me a side-look, and as sure as God made me, I'll trice you up to the mainmast, and let a nigger flog you.'

He released his hold of the mate's throat after this warning. The cowed bully

staggered off towards his cabin. After which the Captain's mood changed with customary suddenness; he came aft, and began a game with Kitty and her brother—apparently having forgotten the very existence of Jansen.

. . . . .

The calm, bright weather still prevailed—the light air hardly filling our sails—the current doing all the work. When one afternoon, taking a look from aloft, I descried the loom of Kusaie or Strong's Island, on the farthest horizon.

'Land ho!' The watch below, just turning out, take up the cry as it goes from mouth to mouth on deck. Some of them gaze longingly, making calculations as to the amount of liberty they are likely to get, as well as the work that lies before them.

Early next morning we had drifted twenty miles nearer, whereupon the Captain decided

to run round to the weather side of the island first, and interview the king, before going to Utwè or South harbour, where we proposed to do the most of our trading.

Suddenly, after breakfast, a serious disturbance arose between the Chinese carpenter and Bill Hicks, the fierce Fijian half-caste, who was second mate. The carpenter's provisional spouse was a handsome young woman from the Gilbert group, who rejoiced in the name of Ni-a-bon, (Shades of Night). Of her, the carpenter, a tall, powerfully-built Chinaman, who had sailed for years with Hayston in the China Seas, was intensely jealous. So cunning, however, was she in evading suspicion, that though every one on board was aware of the state of affairs, her lawful protector suspected nothing.

However, on this particular morning, Nellie, the Hope Island girl, being reproved

by the second mate for throwing pine-apple and banana peel into the ship's dingey, flew into a violent rage, and told the carpenter that the second mate was stealing Ni-a-bon—and, moreover, had persuaded her to put something into his, the carpenter's, food, to make him 'go maté,' *i.e.* sicken and die.

Seizing an axe, the Chinaman sallied on deck, and commenced to exact satisfaction by aiming at blow at Ni-a-bon, who was playing cards with the other girls. The girl Mila averted the blow, and the whole pack fled shrieking to the Captain, who at once called upon Bill for explanation.

He did not deny the impeachment, and offered to fight the carpenter for Ni-a-bon. The Captain decided this to be eminently right and proper ; but thought the carpenter was hardly a match for the mate with fists. Bill promptly suggested knives. This seemed to choke off the carpenter, as, amid howls

from the women, he stepped back into his cabin, only to reappear in the doorway with a rifle, and to send a bullet at the mate's head, which missed him.

'At him, Billy,' cried the Captain, 'give him a good licking—but *don't hurt his arms;* there's a lot of work to be done to the bulwarks when we get the anchor down again.'

The second mate at once seized the carpenter, and dragging him out of his cabin, in a few minutes had so knocked his features about that he was hardly recognisable.

Ni-a-bon was then called up before the Captain and questioned as to her preference, when, with many smiles and twisting about of her hands, she confessed to an ardent attachment to the herculean Bill.

The Captain told Bill that he would have to pay the carpenter for damages, which he assessed at ten dollars, the amount being given, not for personal injury, but for the loss

sustained by his annexation of the fascinating Ni-a-bon.

At sunset we once more were off Chabral harbour, where we ran in and anchored—*within fifty yards* of the king's house.

CHAPTER X

MURDER AND SHIPWRECK

We found the island in a state of excitement. Two whale-ships had arrived, bringing half a dozen white men, and who had a retinue of nearly a hundred natives from Ocean and Pleasant Islands. The white men had to leave Pleasant Island on account of a general engagement which had taken place ; had fled to the ships for safety, taking with them their native wives, families, and adherents.

The other men were from Ocean Island, a famine having set in from drought in that lovely isle. They had also taken passage with their native following, to seek a more

temporarily favoured spot. The fertility of Kusaie (Strong's Island) had decided them to remain.

Strange characters, in truth, were these same traders, now all quartered at Chabral harbour! They were not without means, and so far had conducted themselves decently. But their retinue of savage warriors had struck terror into the hearts of the milder natives of Kusaie.

Let me draw from the life one of the patriarchs of the movement, on the occasion of his embarkation.

Ocean Island, lat. 0° 50′ south, long. 168° east.

A fantastic, lonely, forbidding-looking spot. Circular in form, with rounded summit, and a cruel upheaved coral coast, split up into ravines running deep into the land. Here and there, on ledges overlooking the sea, are perched tiny villages, inhabited by as fierce

and intractable a race of Malayo-Polynesians as ever lacerated each other's bodies with shark's-tooth daggers, after the mad drunkenness produced by sour toddy.

. . . . .

Mister Robert Ridley, aged seventy, sitting on a case in his house, on the south-west point of Paanopa, as its people call Ocean Island, with a bottle of 'square face' before him, from which he refreshes himself, without the intervention of a glass, is one of the few successful deserters from the convict army of New South Wales. At the present moment he is an ill-used man. For seven years he has been the boss white man of Paanopa, ever since he left the neighbouring Naura or Pleasant Island, after seeing his comrades fall in the ranks one by one, slain by bullet or the scarce less deadly drink demon. Now, solitary and saturnine, he has to bow to Fate and quit his equatorial

cave of Adullam, because a mysterious Providence has afflicted his island with a drought.

From out the open door he sees the *Josephine*, of New Bedford, Captain Jos Long, awaiting the four whaleboats now on the little beach below his house, which are engaged in conveying on board his household goods and chattels, his wives and his children, with *their* children, and a dusky retinue of blood-relations and retainers; for the drought had made food scarce. Blood had been shed over the ownership of certain cocoa-nut trees; and old Bob Ridley has decided to bid farewell to his island, and to make for Ponapé in the Carolines. So the old man sits alone and awaits a call from the last boat. Perhaps he feels unusual emotion stirring him, as the faint murmur of voices ascends from the beach. He would be alone for a while to conjure up strange

memories of the past, or because the gin bottle is but half emptied.

. . . . .

'The *Josephine*, of New Bedford!' he mutters, as a grim smile passes over his bronzed, sin-wrinkled countenance; 'why, *t'other one* was from New Bedford too. This one's larger — a six-boat ship — and carries a big after-guard. Still the job could be done agin. But—what's the good now! If Joe, the Portuguese, was here with me I'd say it *could* be done.' Another gulp at the 'square face.' 'Damn it! I'm an old fool. There's too many of these here cussed blubber-hunting Yankees about now. Say we took the ship, we'd never get away with her. Please God, I'll go to Ponapé and live like a d—d gentleman. There's some of the old crowd there now, and I a'n't so old yet.'

And here, maybe, the old renegade falls athinking afresh of 'the other one' from

New Bedford, that made this very island on the evening of the 3rd of December 1852.

Out nearly two years, and working up from the Line Islands towards Honolulu, the skipper had tried to make Pleasant Island, to get a boat-load of pigs for his crew, but light winds and strong currents had drifted him away, till, at dawn, he saw the rounded summits of Ocean Island pencilled faintly against the horizon, and stood away for it. 'We can get a few boat-loads of pigs and "punkins" there, anyhow,' he said to the mate.

The mate had been there before, and didn't like going again. That was in 1850. Sixteen white men lived there then, ten of whom were runaway convicts from Sydney or Norfolk Island. He told his captain that they were part of a gang of twenty-seven who had at various times been landed from whalers at Pleasant Island in 1845. They

had separated—some going away in the *Sallie* whaler, and others finding their way to Ocean Island. Now, the *Sallie was never heard of again*, the mate remarked. The captain of the *Inga* looked grave, but he had set his heart upon the pigs and 'punkins.' So at dusk the brig hove to, close to the south-west point, and as no boats came off, the skipper went ashore.

. . . . .

There were nearly a thousand people on Ocean Island then, and he felt a trifle queer as the boat was rushed by the wild, long-haired crowd, and carried bodily on shore.

Through the gathering darkness he saw the forms of white men trying to push their way through the yellow crowd of excited natives. Presently a voice called out, 'Don't be scared, mister! Let the niggers have their way and carry up the boat.'

He let them have their way, and after

being glared at by the red light of cocoa-nut torches borne by the women, he was conducted to one of three houses occupied by the six gentlemen who had arranged to leave the continent of Australia without beat of drum.

Bob Ridley's house was the scene of rude and reckless revelry that night. A jar of the *Inga's* rum had been sent for, and seated around on the boxes that lined the side of the room the six convicts drank the raw spirit like milk, and plied the captain for news of the outer world two years old. Surrounding the house was a throng of eager, curious natives, no longer noisy, but strangely silent as their rolling, gleaming eyes gloated over the stone jar on the table. Presently a native, called 'Jack' by his white fellow residents, comes to the door and makes a quick sign to Bob and a man named Brady, who rose and followed him

into a shed used as a cook-house. Jack's story is soon told. He had been to the brig. She had thirty-two hands, but three men were sick. A strict watch was kept by the mate ; not more than ten natives were allowed on board at once. In the port bow boats and the starboard quarter boats hanging on the davits there were two sailors armed with muskets.

Another of the white men now slunk into the cook-house where the three talked earnestly. Then Brady went back and told the captain that the brig was getting into the set of the outer currents, and would be out of sight of land by daylight unless he made sail and worked in close again. Upon which the captain shook hands all round, and was escorted to his boat, promising to be back at daylight and get his load of 'punkins.'

Brady and two others went with the

captain for company, and on the way out one of his new friends — a tall, ghastly creature, eternally twisting his long fingers and squirting tobacco juice from his evil-seeming mouth—told the captain that he 'orter let his men take a run ashore to get some cocoa-nuts and have a skylark.' When they got aboard the captain told the mate to take the sentries out of the boats, to make sail, and run in close out of the currents, as it was all right. The captain and the guests went below to open another jar, while the mate and cooper roused up the hands who were lying about yarning and smoking, and told them to make sail. In the house ashore Bob Ridley with his two companions and Jack were planning *how the job was to be done.*

Two boats came ashore at daylight, and in addition to the crews there were ten or a dozen liberty men who had leave till noon to have a run about the island. The captain,

still bent on his 'punkins,' took a boat-steerer and two other hands to put the coveted vegetables into bags and carry them down to the boats. The pumpkins, Ridley said, grew on his own land quite close; the men could pick them off the vines, and the natives carry them down. So they set off up the hill until the pumpkin patch was reached. Here old Bob suddenly felt ill, and thought he would go back to take a swig at the rum jar and return, but if the captain wanted a good view from the top of the island Jack would show him round. So leaving the men to bag the pumpkins, the skipper and Jack climbed the path winding through the cocoa-nuts to the top of the hill. The sun was hot already, and the captain thirsty. Jack, out of his hospitable heart, suggested a drink. There were plenty of cocoa-nuts around growing on short, stumpy trees, a couple of which he twisted off, and without

husking one with his teeth, as is often done, cut a hole in the green husk and presented it to the skipper to drink from. The nut was a heavy one; taking it in both hands the doomed sailor raised it to his lips and threw back his head. That was his last sight of the summer sky that has smiled down on so many a deed of blood and rapine. For Jack at that moment lifted his right arm and drove the knife to the hilt through his heart.

. . . . .

As Jack hurried back to be in good time for the 'grand coup'—the cutting off of the brig—he saw that the boat-steerer and his two hands *had finished gathering the pumpkins.* Two bags were filled and tied, while beside them were the three bodies of the gatherers, each decently covered with a spreading cocoa-nut branch. The ten 'liberty men' had been induced by a bevy of laugh-

ing island nymphs to accompany them along the ledge of the steep coast cliff to a place where, as Jack had told them, they would find plenty of nuts—a species of almond peculiar to Ocean and Pleasant Islands. Half an hour's walk took them out of sight and hearing of the *Inga*, and then the 'liberty men' saw that the girls had somehow dropped behind, and were running with trembling feet into the maze of the undergrowth. The startled men found themselves in an amphitheatre of jagged rough coral boulders, covered over with a dense verdure of creepers, when suddenly Brady and fifty other devils swept down upon them without a cry. It was soon over. Then the blood-stained mob hurried back to the little beach.

. . . . .

The mate of the *Inga* was a raw-boned Yankee from Martha's Vineyard. Fearless, and yet watchful, he had struck the tall rene-

gade as 'a chap as was agoin' to give them trouble if they didn't stiffen him fust in the cabin.' It was then noon, and as eight bells struck the crew began to get dinner. The mate, before he went below, took a look at the shore and fancied he saw the boat shoving off with the captain.

'Yes,' chimed in Wilkins, one of the guests, 'that's him; he's got a boat-load, and all the canoes comin' off's a lot of our own niggers bringin' off cocoa-nuts.'

'Then let's get dinner right away,' answered the mate, who knew the captain would make sail as soon as ever he found his 'punkins' safe aboard.

Had he known that the captain was lying staring up at the sun on the hill-top among the dwarf palms, he might even then have made a fight of it, short of half the crew as he was.

It was not to be.

They went below—he and his guests, the third mate and the carpenter ; the cooper was left in charge of the ship.

. . . . .

The boats and canoes came alongside at once, pulling hard. Suddenly the cooper heard a cry from a man in the waist of the ship that chilled his blood, while over the bulwarks swarmed the copper-skinned crowd knife and club in hand. As he rushed to the companion, the tall renegade looked up and saw the time had come.

Then began the butchery. The ship's officers rushed on deck, leaving behind only the negro steward and a boy with the three convicts. Two shots were fired in the cabin, after which the three demons hurried up to join in the melée. In ten minutes there was not a man of the crew alive, except the cooper in the maintop, with a bloody whale-spade in his fast-relaxing grasp. Brady and

Bob were agreed 'to give the old cove a chance to get eat up by the sharks,' and ironically advised him to take a header and swim ashore. But the cooper, with his feet dangling over the futtocks and his head sunk on his chest, made no sign. He fell back as a streak of red ran slowly between the planking of the maintop and trickled down the mast to the deck.

. . . . .

It was a disappointment when the white murderers gathered in the cabin to find so small a quantity of rum in the *Inga's* lazarette. But they were consoled by two bags of Mexican dollars—'Money for the punkins,' grinned Brady, which would buy them twice as much as they wanted when next ship came along. And then as the principal business was over, the harmony began, and amidst rum and unholy jesting, a division of the effects in the cabins was made, while unto

Jack and his myrmidons were abandoned all and sundry that could be found for'rard.

When the heavy-laden boats had been sent again and again to the shore, a fire was lighted in the cabin by the tall renegade, and the white men pushed off. But it suddenly occurred to Messrs. Ridley and Brady that 'such a hell of a blaze might be seen by some other blubber-hunters a long way on a dark night,' so the boat was put back and the brig hurriedly scuttled. And you can drop a lead line close to the edge of the reef anywhere about Ocean Island, and get no soundings at forty fathoms.

. . . . .

Soon after we anchored an urgent message was sent to the Captain by King Tokusar and Queen Sê, imploring him to come ashore and advise them. The Captain had of late seemed averse to going anywhere without my company, and asked me to come

with him. So, getting into the whaleboat, we were pulled on shore, landing at a massively-built stone wharf which formed part of the royal premises.

I may here mention that the headquarters of the American Mission had been at Kusaie for many years. The people were all Christians, and to a certain degree educated. Their island took rank, therefore, as the most successful result of missionary enterprise in the North Pacific.

A native college had been built, to which were brought from outlying islands those natives who were destined for the ministry. However, about a year previously the Board of Mission had changed their headquarters to Ebon, an island of the Marshall group, leaving but one native missionary on Kusaie in charge of the flock. His name was Likiak Sa. There are coloured Chadbands as well as white ones; and for pure, unmiti-

gated hypocrisy the European professor would have had but little show in a prize contest.

The head of the American Mission, Mr. Morland, had built himself an exceedingly comfortable stone house in Lélé. As he was away at present in the brig *Morning Star*, his residence was occupied by his fellow-worker, Likiak Sa, his wife, and an exceedingly pretty girl named Kitty of Ebon, who acted as housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Morland when at home.

The missionaries had tried hard to prevent the people of Kusaie from selling produce to the whale-ships, alleging that their visits were fruitful of harm. The old king, however, whose power had declined sensibly since the arrival of the missionaries, withstood their orders, and finally insisted upon the privilege of permitting them to visit the island, and to purchase the pigs, poultry, and

fruit from the islanders which would otherwise lie useless on their hands.

This King Tokusar was a curious compound of shrewdness, generosity, cant, and immorality, each alternately gaining the upper hand.

On entering the 'palace,' which was exceedingly well furnished, we found him seated in an armchair in his reception room. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and white duck trousers: the latter somewhat of a military cut, falling over patent leather shoes. On one side of the chair, lying on its broad arm, was a ponderous copy of the Scriptures in the Kusaie dialect. On the other arm was placed one of the long clay pipes known as churchwardens.

Behind him, with her much-bejewelled fingers clasping the back of her consort's chair, was Queen Sê, a pretty little woman, with a pleasant, animated expression of coun-

tenance. Further inside the apartment were the queen's female attendants, sitting in the ungraceful manner peculiar to the Pingelap and Kusaie women.

The king looked worn and ill, as he croaked out, 'How you do, Captain? I glad to see you again. I thank God he bin good to you—give you good voyage. How much oil you bin buy at Ponapé?'

Shaking hands warmly with the king, Hayston introduced me in form, and then to Her Majesty, who smiled graciously, tossing back her wavy black hair, so as to show her massive gold earrings. Chairs were brought, when a truly amusing conversation took place.

King.—'Well, Captain! you d—d clever man. I want you give me advice. You see—all these men come to Kusaie. Well—me afraid, take my island altogether. What you think?'

Captain.—'Oh no, king! I'll see they do you no harm. I think some of them go away in the *Leonora.*'

King.—(Much doubting) 'Oh! thank you. I no want too many white men here—no Christians like Kusaie men. No believe God, no Jesus Christ. (Then with sudden change of tone) I say, Capt'n Hayston, one of you men no pay my people when you here last—no pay anybody.'

Captain.—'Very bad man, king; how much he cheat people out of?'

King.—(With inquiring look at queen) 'Oh! about three dollars.'

Captain.—'I'll attend to it, king—I'll see it paid.'

King.—'Thank you, Capt'n. What you say this young gentleman's name?'

Captain.—'His name is Hilary Telfer.'

King.—'You like Strong's Island, young gentleman? Pretty girl, eh? Same as

Captain?' Here he gave a wheezing laugh, and clapped his hands on the Captain's knees.

I told him I thought the Strong Island girls very pretty. The queen communicated this to the attendants. After which I was the recipient of various nods and winks and wreathed smiles.

An enormous roasted hog was then carried in by two of the king's cooks, after which a number of servitors appeared carrying taro, yams, and other vegetables—again yet more, bearing quantities of fish. We seated ourselves at a small table—the Captain opposite the king, while the lively little queen and I were *vis-à-vis*.

'Make up to her,' whispered the Captain; 'flatter her to the masthead if you wish to be in clover for the rest of your stay. Never mind old Tokusar.'

Acting on this hint I got on famously

with her South Sea majesty, discovering in due course that she was a really clever little woman, as well as an outrageous flirt.

Presently the boats came ashore again, and the steward was ushered in, carrying a large box.

'King!' said the Captain, 'I know you are sick, and need something to make you strong. Pray accept a small present from my table.' The present consisted of two bottles of brandy, with the same quantity of gin, and a dozen of beer.

'Oh! thank you, Capt'n—you really very kind. By George! I like you too much.'

The queen cast a reproachful glance at Hayston. I could see she did not appreciate the gift. Her lord soon had a bottle of brandy opened, out of which he poured himself an able seaman's dose. The Captain took a little, and I—for once in my life—shared a

bottle of Tennant's bitter beer with a real queen.

The king rose up, with a broad smile illumining his wrinkled face, and said, with his glass to his lips, 'Capt'n, and Capt'n's friend, I glad to see you.' Presently, however, with a scared face, he said something to his consort at which she seemed disconcerted, and then told us they had forgotten to say grace.

This, in a solemn manner, Hayston requested me to do, and, as I was bending my head and muttering the half-forgotten formula, the king leaned over and whispered to him, 'I say, Capt'n, how many labour boys you want take away in brig?'

This made me collapse entirely, and I indulged in a hearty laugh. The Captain and the queen followed suit, and, at some distance, the king's cackling merriment.

It certainly was a jolly dinner. The king

was growing madder every minute, alternately quoting Scripture and swearing atrociously. After which he told me that he liked to be good friends with Mr. Morland, and that he had given up all his bad habits. But, changing his mood again, he confided to me that he wished he was young again, and concluded by expressing a decided opinion as to the beauty of Kitty of Ebon, Mrs. Morland's housekeeper.

The queen now rose from the table and asked me to smoke a cigar. She produced a work-box in which were cigarettes and some Manila cheroots. Most graciously she lighted one for me.

The king was now more than half-seas over. He laughed hilariously at the Captain's stories, and, with some double-barrelled oaths, announced his determination to return to the worship of the heathen gods and to increase the number of his wives.

Queen Sê smiled, and, blowing out the smoke from between her pouting red lips, said, 'Hear the old fool talk!'

. . . . .

That night there was high revel on board the *Leonora* after we had taken our farewell of the king and queen.

Hayston decided to take advantage of the land breeze, and so get away to South harbour at once, as we had business to do there. Chabral harbour was a difficult place to get out of, though easy enough to get into.

The trade winds blow steadily here for seven months out of the twelve. Now, though the largest ship afloat may run in easily through the deep and narrow passage, there is not room enough to beat out against the north-east wind. Neither can she tow out, as there is always a heavy swell rolling in through the passage, wind or no wind.

Kedging out is also simply impossible, owing to the extraordinary depth of water.

In 1836, the *Falcon* of London, a whale-ship, lay in Chabral harbour for 120 days. She had ventured in for wood and water. On making a fifth attempt to tow out with her five boats, she touched and went to pieces on the reef.

Hayston, however, had run in, knowing that at this season of the year — from January to March — the winds were variable, a land breeze generally springing up at dusk.

I stated that there was revelry on board the brig that night. The fact was that the Captain, in the presence of the king, queen, and myself, had made agreement with the refugee traders to take them to whatever island they preferred. The king was strongly averse to their retinue of excitable natives being domiciled among the peaceful

Kusaie people. Inspired with courage by the presence of Hayston, he had told the traders that he wished them to vacate Lêlé. If they did arrange to leave in the *Leonora*, he told them that they could establish themselves at Utwé (South harbour), and there remain until they got away in a passing whaler or China-bound ship.

After conferring with Hayston, most of the traders decided to take his offer of conveying them and their following to Ujilong (Providence Island), which was his own property, and there enter into engagement with him to make oil for five years. Two others agreed to proceed to the sparsely populated, but beautiful Eniwetok (or Brown's group), where were vast quantities of cocoanuts, and only thirty natives. These two men had a following of thirty Ocean Islanders, and were in high delight at the prospect of having an island to themselves

and securing a fortune after a few years of oil-making.

As the merry clink of the windlass pauls echoed amidst the verdurous glens and crags of the mountains that surround Lêlé, the traders, with their wives, families, and followers, pulled off in their whaleboats and came aboard.

What a picture did the brig make as she spread her snowy canvas to the land-breeze! Laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, cooled by its passage through the primeval forest, it swept us along towards the passage, upon the right steering through which so much depended. The traders had half a dozen whaleboats; these, with two belonging to the *Leonora*, were towing astern, with a native in each.

The passage, as I have said before, was deep but narrow. As the traders gazed on either side and watched the immense green

rollers dashing with resistless force past the brig's side, they looked apprehensively at the Captain and then at their boats astern.

Right in the centre an enormous billow came careering along at the speed of an express train. Though it had no 'breaking curl' on its towering crest, I instinctively placed my hands in the starboard boat davits, expecting to see the vast volume of water sweep our decks. Some of the traders sprang into the main rigging just as the brig lifted to the sea, to plunge downward with a swift and graceful motion, never losing her way for a moment. No man of our crew took the least notice. They knew what the brig could do, they knew the Captain, and no more anticipated a disaster than a mutiny.

We made open water safely. Then the Captain descended from the fore-yard, whence he had been conning the ship. 'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'here we are,

all on board the *Leonora!* I hope you think well of her.'

The traders emphatically asserted that she was a wonder. Then, as we did not intend to enter Utwé harbour till the morning, we shortened sail. The brig was placed under her topsails only, and we glided slowly and smoothly down the coast. Still the reef surge was thundering on the starboard hand.

The light of the native villages—for the sudden night of the tropics was upon us—glimmered through the groves of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit trees that fringed the snowy beeches. A shadowy, dreamy landscape, blurred and indistinct at times, while ever and anon the back-borne spume of the breakers fell in rain-mist over all, as they reared and raved, only to dash themselves in mad turmoil on the javelins of jagged coral.

It was a strange scene. Yet stranger still were the *dramatis personæ*—the wild band

of traders that clustered around the giant form of the Captain, as he lay smoking his cigar on the skylight, in friendly converse with all.

Foremost in position and seniority comes old Harry Terry, a stalwart, grizzled veteran, brown-cheeked and bright-eyed still. Full of yarns of his cruise with Captain Waldegrave of H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, and Captain Thomas Thompson in the *Talbot* frigate, on the coast of South America. Clear and honest is his eye, yet he has a worn and saddened look, as from a sorrow, long past, half-forgotten, yet never to be wholly erased from memory's tablet. A deserter—of course. Yet had he a true Briton's love for the flag which he had once sailed and fought under. By his side stand four stalwart half-caste sons, hearkening with glistening eyes to the Captain's tales of lands they had never seen, scarcely heard of,—of polar bears, icebergs, dog sledges,

Esquimaux, reindeer, far amid the solitudes of the frozen North.

Close by old Harry sits a tall, red-bearded man, with a look of latent humour in his countenance, which proclaims his nationality even if the richness of his brogue were not in evidence. This is Pleasant Island Bill, a merry good-for-nothing, with a warm heart and unlimited capacity for whisky. In his belt he carries—perhaps from force of habit—a heavy navy revolver, before which many a fierce Pleasant Islander has gone down in the bloody emeutes so common in that wild spot. Behind Bill is his wife Tiaro—a fair-skinned native of Taputanea (Drummond's Island). She is certainly the 'savage woman' of the poet's fancy — handsome withal, as, with her hand on her husband's shoulder, she gazes admiringly at the herculean figure of the far-famed Rover of the South Seas, the dreaded Captain of the *Leonora*. Near to

or behind Tiaro are the other traders' wives, with their wild-eyed, graceful children.

Beside me, sitting upon a bundle of sleeping mats, is a bronzed and handsome young fellow, Charlie Wilder by name, a veritable Adonis of the South Seas. With clear-cut features and bright brown curling locks, contrasting well with a dark, drooping moustache, he lolls languidly on the mats, gazing dreamily at times at the animated forms and faces around him. He was the ideal sea rover—much untrammelled by the canons of more civilised life. To each of his four young wives he appeared equally devoted. Though a *blasé*, exquisite in manner, he was a man who simply laughed at wounds and death. A dangerous antagonist, too, as some of his fellow-traders had good reason to know.

There was yet another trader — a tall young American, who had run away at Plea-

sant Island from the whale-ship *Seagull*—a difference of opinion with the captain having resulted in Seth's being put in irons.

Besides Dick Mills the boat-steerer, who had deserted also from a whaler, there was another well-known trader, a true type of the old time-escaped convict. Burnt browner than a coffee berry is old Bob Ridley, scarred, weather-beaten, and, in accordance with the fashion of runaway sailors in the early days, tattooed like a Marquesas Islander. Very 'dour' and dangerous was this veteran—thinking no more of settling a difference with his ever-ready revolver than of filling his ancient clay pipe. He had with him two sons and three daughters, all married save the youngest girl. Sons and daughters alike had intermarried with natives, and the old man himself—his first wife being dead—had possessed himself of a girl of tender years but unyielding character.

A native of Rapa-nui or Easter Island, she possessed in a high degree the personal beauty for which her race is famed throughout Polynesia. The old trader, it seems, had lately visited Tahiti, and there had dropped across the beautiful Lālia, and rescued her from the streets of Papeite. When he returned to Pleasant Island she accompanied him. She was a clever damsel, and having once been an inmate of the military camp at Tahiti, gave herself great airs over her step-children, though she was the junior of the youngest girl. Amongst other accomplishments Lālia could swear fluently both in French and English, having besides a thorough command of whale-ship oaths which, I may observe, are unique in their way, and never seen in print.

Singing and dancing were kept up until the galley fire was lit and coffee served out.

Then as the tropic sea-mist was dispelled

by the first sun rays, we saw, at no great distance, the verdurous hills that enclose with emerald walls the harbour of Utwé. Far back, yet seeming but a cable's length from the brig, rose the rugged coast, two thousand feet in air, of Mount Crozier.

The inner shore of the harbour, sheltered by the reef from the fury of the terrific rollers, is surrounded by a broad belt of darkest green mangroves and hibiscus, forming a dense barrier, monotonous in colouring, but blending harmoniously with sea and sky. A well-nigh impassable forest coloured the landscape from sea to mountain top. Only near the shore were groves of cocoa-palms waving their plumy banners to the soft trade breezes. Interspersed at intervals one descried plantations of bananas and sugar-cane, yams, and taro. The humidity of the climate shows itself in the surpassing richness of the vegetation. Mountain torrents

foam and 'rivulets dance their wayward round' in many a sequestered glen. Cane thickets springing densely from the deep alluvial mould form a safe retreat for the wild boar, while the stately purple-plumaged pigeons preen themselves in the green gloom of this paradisal wild.

The Captain walked the quarter-deck, giving orders to make sail on the brig, glancing in a half-amused, yet contemptuous manner at the recumbent figures of the traders who, overcome by their potations, lay slumbering on the deck.

Utwé is but a small harbour, so that the Captain felt vexed when daylight broke and revealed four whalers lying at anchor in the little port, allowing us no room. But one of them had his canvas loosed, and we caught the strains of 'Shenandoah' as the crew lifted the anchor. We backed our main-yard and lay to, while she sailed out. A

fine sight it was, as the whaler stood out through the narrow passage! The huge rollers dashing swiftly past her weather-beaten sides, made her roll so heavily that the boats on the davits nearly touched the water with their keels. She came close under our stern. Her captain stood up in one of the boats and took off his hat.

'How air you, Capt'n?' he drawled, 'that's a beautiful brig of yours. I've heard a deal of the *Leonora* and Captain Hayston. I'm real sorry I hav'n't time to board you and have a chat. There's another blubber-hunter coming out after me, so you'd better wait awhile.'

Hayston answered him politely, and the *Marathon* soon ran round the lee side of the island. In a quarter of an hour she was followed by another ship, after which we filled again and ran in, anchoring between the

mangroves and the *Europa* and *St. George*, New Bedford whale-ships.

Our first care was to land the cattle, and here the traders and whalers were treated to a lively scene. The mate Jansen, of whom I have before spoken, had been knocked off duty by the captain, who told him that he was no seaman, and a cowardly dog besides, as he was always ready to ill treat the native crew, but would not stand up to him.

An incident, in which I was an actor, goes to show the savage nature of the brute. One day, during our stay at Ponapé, I happened to require a pair of steelyards that lay in his cabin; on going for them he used insulting language, and dared me to enter. He was lying in his bunk, and his bloodshot eyes glared with rage as he took a pistol from under his pillow. Keeping one eye on the pistol I went in and took the steelyards. He leaped out, and a struggle began. We

fell on the deck—his whole weight upon me —but I managed to get hold of the pistol, which I threw overboard. As he freed himself and rose, he gave me a savage kick on the knee which lamed me for a week. But I drew back and landed him a left-hander, which catching him fair in the face, sent him down senseless, while a stream of blood poured from his mouth and ears.

'Malie! malie!' shouted Black Johnny in Samoan (the equivalent to '*habet*'), and the crew took up the cry in tones of deep approval.

We never spoke again after this encounter.

However, just before we made ready to land the cattle, he came aft and begged the Captain to reinstate him.

'Mr. Jansen!' said Hayston, 'I cannot permit you to resume duty as mate of this brig. I have given the position to Fiji Bill,

as you are not fit for it. However, I will see how you behave for the future, and may give you another chance. Go on deck and assist to get these cattle into the water.'

The traders and whalers were watching the operation with great interest. The longboat, in charge of Fiji Billy, was ready to tow the cattle on shore as soon as they were lowered into the water. The first beast was swung safely out of the main hold and over the side, when the tackle parted aloft and the animal plunged into the sea, just missing the boat. For a moment there was silence. We all ran to the side, where we saw the bullock reappear and strike bravely out for the mangroves, which he reached in safety.

The Captain walked slowly over to Jansen, who was engaged in bullying the boatswain.

'Who rigged that tackle?' he asked in his most unruffled tones; but I could see

the colour mounting to his forehead, as the laughter of the whaling crews fell upon his ear.

'I did,' growled Jansen (edging towards his cabin, in which he always kept loaded firearms), his sullen face showing fear and hatred combined.

'Keep to the deck, sir,' broke forth the Captain, who had foreseen this movement; the harsh, severe tones I knew foretold disaster. 'D—n you, sir, you are neither good enough for an officer nor man before the mast. There is not a kanaka on board this brig but could have rigged that tackle in a seaman-like manner. Boy George, or even one of the girls, could have made a better fist of it. You have disgraced the brig in the presence of other ships. Go to your bunk till after breakfast.'

And now Jansen brought immediate punishment on himself. With one hand on

the door of the deckhouse, he turned round and muttered, 'Why didn't you let the women do it, then?'

The next moment both men were struggling fiercely on the deck,—Jansen making frantic efforts to fire a pistol he had concealed in the bosom of his shirt; but the hand which held it was gripped by the Captain, and the muzzle pointed upwards.

Jansen was an extremely powerful man, and, amid the babel of tongues that were let loose, I heard one trader say, 'By ——! he's got the best of the Captain.'

But I noticed that while Jansen was almost spent, and was breathing stertorously, the Captain had not yet put forth the tremendous strength which, on sea or shore, I never saw equalled. He was still holding Jansen's hand with a vice-like grasp, when the pistol fell to the deck. Suddenly freeing himself, he stepped back and dealt two

blows with wonderful quickness on the mate's face, cutting his forehead and cheek to the bone. The man staggered wildly—his features streaming with blood—then fell senseless against one of the crew, who darted aside and let him drop on the deck. A murmur of applause, mingled with cries of pity from the women, arose from the spectators, while the whaler crews rent the air with cheers for 'Bully Hayston.'

The Captain drew forth his handkerchief, with which he removed a slight stain upon his face, then said in a mild and pleasant voice, as if nothing had occurred, 'Steward! bring me a glass of water. Bill! (to the Fijian) get these other beasts up and put them ashore. Antonio! get Jansen's traps together, and put them and him into the boat. The man that points a pistol at me on board of this brig only does it once.

As I don't wish to hurt him again, I must get rid of him.'

The cattle were soon landed and eating their fill on the rich tract of littoral between Utwé and Coquille.

That day I bought various articles of trade — including ten tons of yams for Arrecifos. The Captain never interfered with my dealings with the natives; so when Likiak Sa the missionary went to him, and in a whining tone complained of my paying them in trade, he got the following answer: 'Don't want your people to be paid in trade, don't you? Precisely so, you white-chokered schemer!—you whited sepulchre! you want to see these hard-working slaves of natives paid in cash, so that you and your brethren may rob the poor devils of every dollar for church tithes. The supercargo has my fullest confidence, and will not rob any native of a cent. Go and talk to him.'

The missionary came to the trade-room, where I was selling pigeon shot and powder to a man named Sree, and said that he wished the natives paid in cash. Every Strong's Islander can speak English. So I turned to those present and asked if I had suggested their taking trade instead of dollars. On receiving this answer in the negative I told him to clear out. He disregarded me, upon which I assisted him to leave the cabin, while Lālia and Kitty covered him with flour from the pantry.

This provided me with a persistent and bitter enemy.

About six o'clock the Captain went below, but rather hastily returned, casting an anxious look to seaward. 'The glass is falling fast,' he said, 'I can't make it out. I have never known it to blow hard here at this time of year. Still it is banking up to the westward.'

He hailed the whale-ships, and saw that

they had also noticed the glass falling. In a few minutes the two captains boarded us to have a consultation. The heavy, lowering cloud to seaward had deepened in gloom, and the three captains gazed anxiously at it.

'Gentlemen!' said Hayston, 'we are in a bad place if it comes on to blow. The land-breeze has died away, and that it is going to blow from the sou'-west I am convinced. We cannot tow out in the face of such a swell, even if we had daylight to try it. To beat out by night would be madness.'

The faces of the Yankee skippers lengthened visibly as they begged Hayston to make a suggestion.

'Well,' he said at length, 'your ships may ride out a blow, for you've room to swing in, and if you send down your light spars and be quick about it, and your cables don't part, you'll see daylight. But with me it is different. I cannot give the brig a fathom

more cable; there are coral boulders all around us, and the first one she touches will knock a hole in her bottom. But now every man must look to himself. I have two hundred people on board, and my decks are lumbered up with them. Adios! gentlemen, go on board and get your spars down, for God's sake.'

Then the Captain turned all his attention to getting the brig ready for the storm that was even then close upon us. In the shortest time our royal and topgallant yards were down, the decks cleared of lumber, the native passengers sent below, and five fathoms of cable hove in. Hayston knew the brig would swing round with her head to the passage as soon as the gale struck her, and unless he hove in cable, must strike on one of the boulders he had spoken of.

As yet there was not a breath of air, for after the last whisper of the land-breeze had

died away, the atmosphere became surcharged with electricity, and the rollers commenced to sound a ceaseless thunder, as they dashed themselves upon the reef, such as I had never heard before. A pall of darkness settled over us, and though the whale-ships were so near that the voices of their crews sounded strange and ghostlike in our ears, we could see nothing except the dull glow of the lamps alight in the cabins—showing through the ports.

Then we heard the voice of Captain Grant of the *St. George*, 'Stand by, Captain Hayston, it's coming along as solid as a wall.'

A fierce gust whistled through the cordage, and then a great white cloud of rain, salt spume, and spray enveloped the brig, as with a shrill, humming drone, like a thousand bagpipes in full blast, the full force of the gale struck us. The brig heeled over, then

swung quickly round to her anchor, while the crew, every man at his station, sought through the inky blackness that followed the rain squall to see how the whale-ships fared.

But now the darkness deepened, if such were possible. No star shone through the funereal gloom; while the enormous rollers, impelled by the increasing force of the wind, swept in quickest succession through the narrow passage. The three ships rolled heavily.

'Harry!' called out the Captain to the oldest trader, 'take your boats and land as many of the people as you can. The sea is getting up fast—in half an hour it will be breaking aboard the brig.'

The traders' boats were made fast to the ship's stern, except two on deck.

These were now hauled alongside, and old Harry, with his four stalwart sons—

splendid fellows they were physically — manned one, and taking about fifty of their followers, who sprang over the side and were hauled into the boat, the sons gave a wild shout and disappeared into the darkness.

The other boat was equally lucky in not being stove in. Pleasant Island Bill was in charge, and in a lull of the wind I heard him call out to those on deck to throw the women overboard and he would pick them up.

Five or six of them leaped overboard and, swimming like otters, gained the boat; many others naturally held back. Standing on the deck clinging to the Captain's knees were the two children, Toby and Kitty. Seizing Kitty in his arms the Captain tossed her into the black waters close to the boat, where one of the crew caught her by the hair and pulled her in. Toby gave a yell of alarm and tried to dart below, but I caught him and slung him over after Kitty. Bill

nearly missed catching him as he rose to the surface, but he was taken in. Then the boat headed for the shore, now only discernible by the white line of foam breaking into the mangroves.

And now our troubles recommenced. The waters of the harbour, generally placid as a mill-pond, were now running mountains high, so quickly had the sea got up. The Captain, who was standing at the stern sounding, and apparently as cool as if he were trout fishing, beckoned me to him, and placing his mouth to my ear, shouted :

'Four fathoms under our stern — little enough if the sea gets worse. But if the wind hauls another point we'll touch that big coral mushroom on the port quarter, and then it's good-bye to the *Leonora !*'

The words had hardly left his lips when a strange and awful lull of the wind occurred, rendering more intense the enshrouding dark-

ness, more dread and distinct the seething wash and roar of the seas that broke on the weather reef.

The Captain sprang into the main rigging and held up his hand to feel if the wind was coming from a new quarter. For some minutes the brig rolled so madly that it was all he could do to hold on.

Then his strong, fearless voice sounded out: 'Men! who will man a boat to take a line to the *Europa*? If I can get a hawser to the whaler to keep the brig's stern from this boulder under our port quarter, it may save the ship. If not, we must strike. There's a lull now, and a boat could get away.'

After a momentary hesitation, Antonio the Portuguese, Johnny Tilton, and two natives volunteered.

'Good lads!' cried the Captain; 'stand by, men, to lower away the whaleboat.' In a few

minutes she was in the water, and a whale-line made fast to a stout hawser was coiled away in the bow, as with an encouraging cheer from those on deck, the men gave way, and passing under our stern made for the *Europa*.

After twenty minutes of anxiety, for we could see nothing, nor tell whether the boat had reached the *Europa* safely or been stove in alongside, we saw her dart past the stern again, and Antonio called out, 'All right, Captain, heave away on the hawser, the end's fast to the *Europa*.'

'Well done, lads!' cried the Captain; 'but stay where you are, and I'll get some more women on shore.'

The strange lull still continued, but a lurid glare showed me the glass still falling steadily; when I told the Captain this he sighed, for he knew that our best chance of safety was gone. But he was a man of action.

'Go below, Hilary!' he said quietly, 'and get all the papers, letters, and articles of value together—I'll send them on shore with the women.'

In the cabin were eight or ten women; they gazed at me with terror-stricken faces. 'On deck, Mary!' I said. 'On deck all of you! there's a boat alongside, and some of you can get ashore.'

Five of them, with old Mary, at once left the cabin, and I heard their wild cries and screams of alarm as they were seized by the Captain and crew, and thrown overboard to be picked up by the boat.

Lālia and the others remained in the cabin, clinging to each other and sobbing with fear.

I picked up a heavy trade chest, and laying mats and rugs along the bottom and sides, stowed into it the chronometers, a couple of sextants, charts, and what gold

and silver coin was in the Captain's secretary; also as many Winchester carbines and cartridges as it would hold.

'Here, girls! help me carry this on deck,' I said in Samoan to Lālia, who understood the language. We dragged the heavy box on deck, and, by wonderful good luck, it was lowered into the boat, which was now under the ship's quarter, and in imminent danger of being stove in.

The Captain desired me to go ashore in the longboat and take charge of the boat. I was just about to jump when the brig gave a fearful plunge, and before she could recover, a heavy roller crashed over the waist and nearly smothered me. By clinging to the iron boat davits near me, I managed to save myself from being carried overboard with the debris of spars and timber that swept aft. When I regained my breath I could see nothing of the boat.

She had, however, been swept ashore, and all in her landed safely except Bill, who was knocked overboard, but washed up into the mangroves.

I felt the Captain's hand on my shoulder, as he asked me if I thought the boat had gone under.

'I think not, or we should have heard some of them calling out; they can all swim.'

'Well, perhaps so,' he replied, 'but I fear not. I don't care a cent about the loss of the dollars, but Bill is a good fellow.'

Lālia had clung to the davits with me when the sea struck us, and was now almost exhausted. So with the Captain's help I carried her below into the now deserted cabin, for the other women were gone; had, I supposed, been washed overboard, for they were standing with us when we lowered the chest.

The Captain then hastened on deck,

telling me that the wind was coming away from the south. He had scarcely left me when I heard the dismal drone of the gale again, and his voice shouting to the carpenter to stand by and cut away the masts, for the seas were now breaking clean over the bows, and sweeping along the decks with resistless force.

Being almost hove short, the ship could not rise quickly enough to the seas, and was besides rolling so much that she threatened to turn turtle every minute. It was impossible for any one to cross the deck, so madly was the brig rolling, and so fiercely were the seas sweeping her decks in quick succession; and so for a while all hands waited till a better chance offered to cut away.

In the meantime I had dragged out another trade chest, and first securing my own papers and placing them in the bottom,

I filled it with such articles as I thought would prove valuable if we did not save the ship.

Lālia rendered me great assistance now. I filled a wine-glass of brandy from the decanter, and made her drink it, for her teeth were chattering, and her lips blue with cold and terror combined.

Together we managed to get the chest half-way up the companion, when another plunge made me slip, and the heavy box jammed the girl's feet against the side of the companion lining. I called loudly for help, as I could not extricate her from under the box. Fortunately, four native seamen heard me, and lifted the chest off her legs.

Then I heard the Captain's voice calling out, 'Well done, boys! Rotumah men, brave fellows, in a boat!'

Carrying the girl below again, I dropped

her in the steward's cabin, told her to stay there till I came back, and ran on deck.

The Captain met me, and, pointing to a dark, indistinct mass, rising and falling near the ship's stern, said, 'There's real grit for you!'

It was one of the traders' whaleboats, manned by four Rotumah men and a native of Danger Island. Two of these brave fellows had been washed ashore in the second sea that had struck us, and with three others, who had reached the mangroves in another boat, had put out again to return to the brig and save their shipmates.

The Captain now called out to those who were left on board, and told them that there was a chance of some of them getting ashore, by jumping over as the boat approached and getting into her. As for himself, if three or four good men would stand by him, he would attempt to cut away

the masts, and perhaps save the ship as the hawser was made fast to the *Europa*.

It was a new one, and might not part; but if it did, nothing could help the brig from sticking on the detached coral boulders that lay so close under the stern.

Seizing her child in her arms, a powerfully-built Ocean Island woman sprang into the seething foam-caldron, and disregarding our cries to make for the boat, struck out for the nearest point of the mangroves. Next morning the child was found unharmed on a small beach, more than a mile away, and the body of the mother lying dead beside her, with a fearful gash on her temple and one foot missing,—the poor babe gazing at the cold face, and wondering why she did not wake when she called to her. Then others followed the women, some getting into the boat, and others letting the sea take them in the direction of the shore.

'Where is the second mate?' shouted the Captain to the coxswain of the rescuing boat.

'On shore with the traders, sir; all the boats but one are stove in on the beach, and he can't get out again.'

'All right, lads, don't attempt to come out again; but wait a minute.' Then turning to me: 'You must go ashore now in this boat. She has not many in her; and if her head is kept right into the break between the mountains she'll run up into the mangroves.'

But I said I would take my chance with the ship. I was a good swimmer, and in that time of danger, even despair, I could not leave the Captain.

He pressed my hand silently, then called out, 'All right, men, give way, the supercargo stays with me and the ship'; one dash of the oars, a wailing cry, a shout which

out-toned it, and the boat disappeared, as if swallowed up by the darkness or the deep.

We were now clustered together aft. Those of the crew that had stood by the ship were hanging on to the main rigging. The Captain, who had hitherto intended cutting away both masts at once, told me he fancied the ship was straining and plunging less, and that he would only cut away as a last resource.

Suddenly he bent his glance at the hawser that was made fast to the *Europa*, and then pointed over to the seething water under our stern. I saw we were almost over a huge coral boulder, which every now and then showed itself bare.

'By ——! those fellows on board the *Europa* are paying out the hawser. We were fifty feet from that rock when the hawser was made fast and had a strain on it,

and now it's right under her stern. Can any of you see the whaler's cabin lights?'

The men looked through the blinding mists of spray that flew in our faces, and stung like whip-lashes when the brig was lifted high on a towering sea. The hawser tightened like an iron bar, but suddenly fell as if it had parted or been cast off.

'The cursed dogs!' said the Captain, opening and shutting his hands spasmodically, 'they are paying out, and letting us go to the devil!'

And now a tremendous sea swept along and broke just as it reached abreast the mainmast. We felt the brig strike. Sea after sea tumbled in over the bulwarks, and a solid sheet of water broke over us in the main rigging, sweeping three or four men overboard.

When I cleared my throat of the water I had swallowed, I saw the Captain with a rifle

in his hand, and then followed the flash as he fired in the direction of the *Europa*.

'Captain,' I cried, 'what good will that do? She may be ashore herself in as bad a fix as we are.'

He pushed me aside as I placed my hand on his arm. 'Stand clear, Hilary! I tell you these cowardly hounds are deliberately wrecking me. That ship is in a safe place, and could ride out a heavier gale than this.'

'Captain,' I began, when another sea lifted the brig's bow high in the air; then, with a dull crash, we struck stern on, and I saw the hawser had either parted or been cut away. The rudder had been torn from the stern-post, and ripped its way through the timbers with a fearful tearing sound. Again the Captain's face showed itself to me almost as white as the hell of boiling foam around us.

'My ship is dearer to me than my life!' he said, as he cast the rifle from him and stood gazing out into the howling storm, amid which all the voices of earth and air seemed to be contending.

Suddenly, with a pang of pity, I remembered that Lālia was in the steward's cabin. I dashed down below. Already the water was running into the hold, and as I gained the cabin the ship once more struck violently under my feet.

'Lālia! Lālia!' I called, 'come with me. Can you walk?'

The girl was sitting up in the bunk, her hair unloosed, her eyes dilated with terror, as she gazed into the dimly-lighted cabin, and saw the water washing around it.

She could hardly stand with the pain in her bruised feet, but I lifted her out. Then she tore off her dress, stripped to the waist, and, hand in hand, we succeeded in gaining

the companion-way just as a torrent of water filled the cabin and put out the lamps.

I felt the Captain's hand grasp me round the waist as we stumbled out on deck, and heard him say, 'Hold on to me, Hilary! hold on like grim death, my girl!' as we were swept along by a sea against the bulwarks on the starboard side.

Some of the men had clung to a boat that we carried on top of the deck-house, which had been washed over the side. They had no oars, but the backwater from the reef dashed her up against the ship, and I have an indistinct remembrance of the Captain dragging us along with him, and attempting to lift the girl up, when a towering wave struck us right amidships and drove us all over together on top of the boat, which was already stove in.

I should have gone under then but for Lālia, for I had got a blow on the side from

a piece of wreckage. Anyhow, what followed I cannot remember, for when I came to my senses it was daylight, and I was lying under some cocoa-nut trees with Lālia, and one of Harry Skilling's native retainers named Karta, bathing my back with fresh water.

. . . . .

My first inquiry was for the Captain, and I was relieved to hear from Lālia that he was visible at that moment, directing the crew to save wreckage from the brig. The two whale-ships had ridden out the gale in safety, and the *Europa* was already under weigh. I thought it just as well it was so, for Hayston would, I am sure, have attempted to seize her.

Lālia told me that we clung to the boat till she struck a coral rock and went to pieces. Then every one was separated. She had been seized by Karta, and, still keeping hold

of me, the three of us had come ashore together. She said also that my back was badly cut with the coral. The poor girl had a terrible gash on her arm, and this she had neglected to attend to me. I had a deep wound on my face, which caused me great pain, as a piece of tough coral had broken off in it.

Lālia was almost nude, and I had only the remnants of a pair of duck trousers. We did not feel cold, however, as the storm had ceased, and the sun was now shining brightly. The wind had gone down, and the harbour was nearly as smooth as a mountain lake. The only visible sign of the disaster of the night was the maintopmast of the *Leonora*, showing where she had gone down.

From the bank of mangroves on which we were located there was no access to the village of Utwé, where the rest of the ship's

company were. Deep channels separated the two portions of the harbour. Karta was about to swim over to tell the Captain where I was, when Lālia caught him by the arm and pointed to the water. I have read a good many tall yarns about sharks, but never till now could I believe in their being as numerous as a shoal of minnows.

The channels were simply alive with the brutes dashing to and fro, lashing the water into foam, and contesting with each other for dark objects floating near the surface. I shuddered instinctively, but Lālia laughed, and explained that the dead bodies were those of pigs washed overboard from the brig.

Presently the tall figure of Karta attracted the notice of some of the people on the other side, and Lālia said the 'ariki vaka' was coming over to us in one of the traders' whaleboats.

The Captain sprang out of the boat, and seeing me lying down with my head in the girl's lap, thought I was dead.

'My dear boy,' he said, taking both my hands and pressing them, 'are you badly hurt?'

I showed him my back, and said I felt most pain in my side, and whereupon I suffered ten excruciating pains in one as he extracted the piece of flat coral from my face. He then called one of the boat's crew, and told him to take off his shirt, one sleeve of which he tore off and bound up Lālia's arm. He then gave her the mutilated garment to cover her bare body, saying in his old cheerful manner that her husband was all right, and was out searching the beaches for her. She made a gesture of indifference, and then fainted away. As soon as she revived she was lifted into the boat, and we pushed off for the village.

The Captain kept pressing my hand all the way over, and told me that since daylight he had been looking among the wreckage coming ashore and searching the beach for me, when some one saw our three figures in the cocoa-nut grove, and said two were white. Hayston knew this must be Lālia and myself, as she had a very fair skin. He was sincerely pleased at my escape, and no words need express my relief at his safety.

He took us forthwith to one of the villagers' houses, and told the people to attend to us, and see that we wanted for nothing. He further insisted that I should not attempt to render him any assistance until I was perfectly recovered. I could only nod acquiescence, as my side was paining me terribly.

A warm grasp of my hand and a kind look to Lālia, and he was gone!

One of the Kusaie women in the house

told us that a message had gone up to the king, and that a native doctor named Srulik would soon come down and cure my back with leaves in the island fashion. She also informed Lālia that her husband had gone away in a canoe to look for her body, with two natives, but that he had come across a case of gin, and was now dead drunk on the opposite side of Utwé. It is hardly to be expected that a young girl could feel love for a man of her husband's years; but tears of humiliation coursed down her cheeks when the woman added that he had already asked an Ocean Island girl to be wife to him.

About four o'clock in the afternoon messengers arrived from Lêlé with a message of regret from the king to Captain Hayston, and an invitation for me to Chabral harbour, so that I could get better quickly; and he could send his own boat for me. But I did not want to be separated from the

Captain, and said I would come and visit him when I got permission.

Queen Sê sent me a large basket of cooked pigeons and fruit. Taking out a few for myself and Lālia, I sent the rest to the Captain, who was glad of them for his weary and hungry men.

For the next few days I suffered fearfully with the pain in my side, and though the Captain visited me twice a day, and tried all he could to cheer me up, I fell into a hopeless state of despondency. All the time Lālia had remained in the house, her husband, not having finished the case of gin, never coming near her. Her stepsons and daughters disliked her, and therefore avoided the house where we were staying.

The Captain told me that her arm was cut to the bone, and that the trade chest that had fallen against her had injured one foot badly. Never as long as I live shall I

forget the unwearied attention and kindness which the poor girl showed me during our stay in the village. Though lame, and with only the use of one arm, she never left my side, and strove by every means in her power to allay the agony I endured—answering to my petulance and irritability only with smiles and kind words.

The Captain told me that he had saved a good many articles from the wreck: that the big trade chest had come ashore, and that the money and firearms were in a safe place. A quantity of liquor had also been saved, and already some fierce fights had taken place, but the traders had in most instances behaved well, and assisted him to maintain order. He told me also that Lālia's husband had taken away a lot of liquor into the impassable forest that lines the north side of Utwé, and, with two of his sons and several women, was having a big carouse.

'The virtuous and Christian Strong's Islanders had,' he said, 'stolen about a thousand dollars' worth of trade that had been washed ashore. But,' he added quietly, 'I'll talk to them like a father as soon as I get a house built, and knock the devil out of those Pleasant Islanders besides. They seem disposed to cut all our throats.'

A couple of days after this, Hayston came to me with a letter from Lālia's husband, which he handed to me. I don't know whether amusement or indignation predominated as I read it, written as it was on a piece of account paper.

STRONG'S ISLAND, *March 11th.*

Supercargo *Leonora* Brig.

DEAR FRIEND, — I heer my wife have took up with you, and say she do'ent want anny mo ar truck with her lawful husban. Captin Hayston say No, but she must be cotton strong to you, not to come to me when I look for her neerly one week amung two thousan sharks, as I can prove, but I bare

you no ill-wil, for I got anuther wife, but you must give me the three rings she ware, and I warn you I'm not responsble.—I remane, your true and sincere friend.

P. S.—Lal can read as well as me, and you can let her read this. She is a good girl, and I bear no ill-wil.

The Captain laughed when I read out this precious document, and told me not to take matters so seriously. He then sat down and chatted for half an hour, saying that as soon as he had finished saving the wreckage, he had called the traders together, and laid certain proposals before them to which they had agreed.

These were that the traders and their followers would consider themselves under his direction, in which case he would engage to provide food for them during their stay on the island. They were not to have any commercial dealings with the people of Strong's Island, and their natives were to assist the crew of the *Leonora* in erecting houses for their joint accommodation. After which he

would endeavour to charter a vessel, probably a passing whale-ship, to take the whole lot of us to Providence Island. Should no vessel call in six months' time, he would take a boat's crew and make for Millé Lagoon, six hundred miles distant. If the ketch I had brought down from Samoa was still afloat, he would bring her back, and take the people in detachments to Providence Island. He feared, however, that no more whalers would be calling in for ten months, as the *St. George* and *Europa* were the last of the fleet which was making, *viâ* Japan, for the Siberian coast, 'right whaling.'

He left us then, saying he had established a little republic on the narrow strip of land that lay on the sea-side of Utwé village.

Then I gave Lālia the letter I had received from her reprobate husband. She read it in silence and returned it to me, but I could see that the heartless old scoundrel's

words had wounded her deeply. She took off some rings from her fingers, and sent them to the Captain to hand to the old man. 'Do you think,' she said, 'that I can ever get back to Rapa-nui? (Easter Island).'

Her father, she went on to say, was dead, and her mother had been among those unfortunate people who in 1866 were seized by three Peruvian slavers and taken to work the guano deposits on the Chincha Islands. She, when about fourteen, had married one of the captains of one of the ships owned by the great firm of Brander of Tahiti. The tales she told me of his brutality and ill-usage during his drunken fits of passion moved me to sincere pity. The unmitigated rascal deliberately sold his child-wife to an American (or a man who called himself one), and by him she was taken to San Francisco and delivered into yet more hopeless slavery. Here she made the acquaintance of a

Tahitian half-caste. She and this girl succeeded in escaping and paying their passages to Tahiti, where they landed penniless and starving.

. . . . .

From Tahiti she was taken by her present husband.

CHAPTER XI

A KING AND QUEEN

On the next day I walked to the new village in course of formation, when I received from whites and natives alike a most flattering reception. Outside of the sandy spit a solid sea-wall of coral had been built, the ground had been levelled, and an enormous dwelling-house erected. This was the work of the Ocean and Pleasant Islanders. It was the Captain's house, and from a hole in the gable floated the starry banner of the great Republic. This flag had been the joint work of Nellie and Mila. It was composed of strips of white calico, navy blue, and Turkey

red. At the farther end of the sea-wall stood the traders' houses; opposite the captains' were those of their people. Every one seemed busy, and the greatest animation pervaded the scene, while a number of Strong's Islanders, squatted down in front of the big house, surveyed the operations with dismay. They dreaded, and with good reason, the fierce and intractable natives of Pleasant Island, who would have been only too pleased to have cut their throats and taken possession of their beautiful home altogether.

I was received by the Captain at the door of his house, and although the girls had frequently been to visit me, and bring fruit and fish from the Captain when I was sick, I was made as much of as if I had been dead and buried and come to life again. The Captain's merry blue eyes looked searchingly into mine, as I seated myself in an easy

chair, 'You see what it is to be *l'ami du maison.*'

I acknowledged the compliment, and then turned to shake hands with little Toby, who with a number of other children were being entertained by a sort of pig and yam tea-party by the Captain, each youngster having in his hand a junk of yam and piece of pork.

Those of the crew who were in the vicinity now came in, and I had quite a levee. Black Johnny nearly wrung my hand off. I was glad to see the Captain looking so bright, and evidently on such good terms with those around him. I could not but be struck with the way in which the traders, resolute and determined men themselves, deferred to his slightest wish.

For a few minutes he walked up and down the long matted floor, apparently lost in thought, while I sat and talked with the

light-hearted, merry creatures around me. Suddenly stopping, he came up, and placed his hand on my shoulder.

'Hilary! I like this island so well, that as Henry the Fifth said in France, when the French queen asked him how he liked her country: I mean to keep it.'

'Captain,' I said, startled and alarmed, 'are you serious?'

'Yes and no! If I cannot get a ship to take us to Providence Island within six months I will upset the missionaries' apple-cart and take possession of the island. If a ship does call here, and I can charter her, I am bound in honour to fulfil my promise to these traders.'

'Captain,' I said, 'there are two hundred and fifty men on Strong's Island; surely you would not dispossess them? Besides, they will fight.'

'So much the better,' he said, with a smile

of contempt. 'Once let a quarrel break out between them and these Ocean and Pleasant Islanders, and every native of Kusaie will have his throat cut in twenty-four hours.'

I turned the subject, for I saw by his stern expression that he meant what he said, and that any trifling incident would perhaps bring matters to an issue.

Presently he began again. 'Yes, these Pleasant Islanders, who two weeks ago were all attached to these traders, are now heart and soul devoted to me. They know I am a better man, according to their ideas, than all the traders put together, and if I stepped out of the house now and told them I would lead them, they would follow me and burn old Tokusar's town over his head, cut off a passing ship, or do any other devilry such as their bloody instincts revel in.'

I tried to turn his thoughts into another

channel, and succeeded so far that when I rose to return he was laughing and joking in his usual manner. He pointed out to me a separate part of the house, and told me that as soon as I liked to take possession he would be glad to see me in it.

I explained to him that for the present I had better remain in the native house, as the king daily sent me food, and considered me his guest. In this he concurred, as he said if the king took a liking to a white man he would live in clover. He advised me to go and see him as soon as I was strong, or else his dignity would be touched. Also that I would find it well to keep good friends with Queen Sê.

When I returned to the native house, however, I felt 'sick unto death,' and cast myself down on the mats in despair. The hurt I had received in the side seemed to have also affected my chest, as I could

hardly breathe without suffering agonies. Happily I became unconscious; when I opened my eyes I found the Captain beside my mat, and during the whole night he remained with me and encouraged my sinking spirits. When daylight came he examined me carefully, after which he told me, that from the darkening colour of my skin, and the agony I felt from the slightest pressure, he thought I had received internal injury. He therefore insisted upon my coming over to his village, so that I might be under his immediate control. To this I consented at last, although young Harry (as we called Harry Waters) was eager that I should come and live with him on the north side of Utwé, where Hayston had formed a sub-station to make oil and given him charge.

I liked Harry very much; he was the only one of the traders whose age approached my

own. His bearing and behaviour, too, contrasted favourably with those of his drunken and dissolute colleagues. However, I had to decline his kind offer, although, to my amusement, he emphatically asserted that I would be no trouble to him, as he had four wives, and Rosa, the youngest of them, was a clever nurse. I paid the Strong Islanders who had attended on me, and then inquired of Lālia what she intended to do. She had, of course, no money to pay the people for keeping her, and the old custom of extending hospitality to strangers had naturally died out since the coming of the missionaries.

I had no other way of showing my gratitude than by offering her money. This she refused, but said she would be glad to get some clothes or material to make them. I gave a native money, and sent him up to Lêlé, where he bought several dresses from Kitty of Ebon, and as she was the same

height and figure as Lālia, they fitted her capitally.

A couple of days after I had taken up my quarters with the Captain she came to see me, and say good-bye. She told me she was going to live at a village near Lêlé, and teach the Strong's Island women hat-making, at which she was clever. She would stay there till she got tired of it. I was sincerely sorry, and was not ashamed to show it, 'being weak from my wound,' and hardly able to refrain from tears. I felt quite pleased when the Captain came up and shook her little hand warmly, telling her that she really ought not to leave us. 'Mind, Lālia, come to me if you are in any trouble, and I will see you righted,' he said in parting.

'I know that, Captain, very well,' she answered, looking up with a strange, sorrowful look in her large bright eyes, 'but I must go now.' Whereupon she walked slowly

down the beach, and getting into a canoe with two Kusaie women, waved her hand and was soon out of sight.

I recovered slowly, but after a while was able to get about and to take an inventory of the property saved, while the captain amused himself by overlooking the building of a large oil-store. He had demanded an immediate payment of two hundred and fifty thousand cocoa-nuts from the king, as part indemnity for the property stolen by the natives from the wreck. The king dared not refuse, and now a huge pile of cocoa-nuts was accumulating near the oil-shed, where the Pleasant Islanders were daily scraping the nuts and making oil. A number of butts had come ashore, which were utilised for the oil, so that the village had already gained a settled look.

About this time the Captain gave way to occasional bursts of passion, inflicting severe

beatings upon two of the traders, who had got drunk and were careering about with rifles in their hands, threatening to shoot any one that interfered with them.

He also accused old Harry Terry of plotting with the king, and a violent scene ensued. Some of the natives still sided with their old master, and with knives and shark-tooth daggers surrounded him, uttering cries of defiance at the Captain.

I was in the big house when the row commenced, and saw the excited savages running up to where the Captain and old Harry stood. An encounter seemed imminent.

Boy George, with Nellie and the other women, now rushed in and demanded of me to give them the Winchester and Snider rifles, which stood ready loaded in a corner of the house. But, knowing that the Captain was ready to assert his authority without

arms, I refused, and locking them up in a trade chest sat down upon it. I knew that the first shot would be followed by a scene of bloodshed and murder. George was persistent, saying the Captain would be killed, but changed his tone when he walked in unharmed, but with his fingers bleeding. Harry had given in when he saw the Captain dart in amongst the natives surrounding him, and knock two of the ringleaders down, but denied that he had been plotting to usurp Hayston's authority. A hollow reconciliation then took place, but there was bad blood between them from that time. He told me that I had done wisely in locking up the arms, and gave me the key to keep, as I had, he confessed, shown more prudence than himself. Then he sat down and began to sing like a schoolboy on a holiday.

One day we took the boat and went up a creek flowing into the harbour. We were

the only men, as the crew consisted of Ocean Island women and some of the girls from the brig.

We were going to land them across the creek, where they intended to construct a fish weir, as the harbour was a bad place to fish in on account of the swarms of fierce and daring sharks.

Among the girls in the boat were two from Ocean Island, being of the party landed from the whale-ships at Chabral harbour. One of these was the new wife of the old convict trader. She had come down on a visit, and kept us amused with her descriptions of the orgies and drunken freaks of the fierce old man, whose conduct had frightened —no easy matter—all who came into contact with him.

As we crossed over the in-shore reef and got into the channel of the creek, I saw a canoe with three figures in it ahead of us,

and told the Captain that I thought I recognised Lālia. He said it was hardly possible, as she lived six miles away on the weather coast, and was not likely to come down here. At this mention of Lālia her successor looked frightened, and said she would like to go back, but was overruled by the others, who laughed at her fears. After rowing up the creek as far as the boat would go, the girls got out, and the Captain and I took our rifles and started up a spur in the mountain on the chance of getting a shot at the wild pigs.

We struck into the dense woodland, and in a few minutes the voices of the laughing girls sounded subdued and far away. The gloom of the primeval forest seemed to be deepened by the vast structure and domelike tops of the mighty trees, whose thick branches formed an almost perfect canopy, while underneath our footsteps fell soundless on the thick carpet of rotting leaves.

Here the Captain and I took different routes, agreeing to meet on the summit of the spur. As I walked along, the silence that enshrouded all things seemed to weigh heavily; the darkening gloom of the forest began to fill me with childish fancies and misgivings. My nerves became strung to such a pitch that the harsh croak of some brooding frigate bird, or the sudden booming note of a wood-pigeon, set my heart bumping against my ribs with that strange, undefined feeling which, if it be not premonition, is nearly akin to it.

I had ascended half-way to the spur when I heard a shot. Its prolonged and tumultuous echoes startled the denizens of the forest, winged and quadrupedal, and as they died away a wild chorus of shrieks and growls seemed to electrify me into life. Waiting till silence resumed sway I called aloud to the Captain. Far down below I

heard his answering call. Then he queried, 'Have you shot anything?'

'No, I have not fired.'

'Quick,' he shouted, 'come down—there's mischief among the women.'

Rushing down the leaf-strewn spur I soon joined him. We ran together till we reached the boat. There a tragedy had been enacted. The girls were huddled up in the boat, which was drifting about from bank to bank. As we dashed through the scrub they pointed to a patch of greensward amongst the cocoa-nut trees, saying, 'She is killed.'

There, lying on her face quite dead, was the Ocean Island girl with a bullet through her breast. The ball had passed completely through her body, and though her limbs were still quivering with muscular action, she must have died in a few seconds after she was struck.

The girls told us that while they were

making the weir she had gone up to a pool of fresh water among the rocks to look for fresh-water shrimps. A few minutes after they heard a shot; she staggered forward and fell on her face dead.

The Captain and I looked at one another. Each read the thoughts that passed through the other's mind—Lālia had fired the shot! But, calling the women out of the boat, the Captain sternly forbade them to mention Lālia's name in connection with the matter, and said that they must all keep silence. A grave was hastily dug in the soft alluvial of the shadowy forest glade, where the body of the poor girl, wrapped in garments of her companions, was hastily buried.

I did not understand the meaning of the secrecy which was evidently considered necessary, until the Captain told me that as the girl was in his charge at the time of her death, he would be held responsible, and that

the uncertain temper of her countrymen might at any time cause an outbreak.

We returned to the boat, and the women, as we neared the village, were instructed by the Captain to answer all inquiries for the dead girl by saying she had disappeared. Her countrymen took her departure very quietly, and came to the conclusion that the evil spirits of the mountain had carried her away, and their superstition forbade search.

. . . . .

I cannot, even after the time that has elapsed, recall without a pang of regret the total change in the Captain's demeanour and conduct at this time. Some demon appeared to have taken possession of him. His terrific bursts of violence drove every soul away at times, none daring to venture near him until he had cooled down except myself, to whom he never addressed a harsh or angry word. One day he declared

that the men of the *Leonora* and some of the Pleasant Islanders were concocting a meeting, and I was sickened and horrified at seeing three of each lashed to cocoa-nut trees, while the huge figure of Antonio, the black Portuguese, towered above the crowd as he flogged them. The Captain stood by with a pistol in each hand as, with a countenance blanched and disturbed with passion, he ordered Antonio to lay it on well.

I went into the house, and, sitting down, tried to think out a course for myself. The Captain came in after a while, and, drawing a seat to the window, gazed moodily out upon the sparkling, breeze-rippled sea. Then I knew that the dark hour had passed, and that he would listen to reason.

'Captain,' I said, 'I can stay here no longer with you. I am sick of seeing men flogged till their backs are like raw meat, even though they are mutinous. If I

thought any words of mine would do good, I would earnestly beg of you to adopt milder measures. Every day that passes, you run the gauntlet, so to speak, of these men's deadly hatred, I know; for how can I avoid hearing the mutterings and seeing the fierce glances of the people—that you are surrounded with foes, and that any moment may be your last.'

He placed his hand on my shoulder in his old way. 'True, my lad, true; but if they are dangerous to meddle with, so am I. The white men, young Harry excepted, would gladly see me lying out there on the sand with a bullet-hole in my skull; but, by ——, I'll shoot every mother's son of them if I detect any treachery. . . . And so you wish to leave me?'

I considered a moment and then answered, 'Sorry am I to say it, but I do.'

'Come out to the beach, my lad, and talk

to me there. This house is stifling; another month of this life would send me mad.'

We walked along the weather side for about a mile, then seating ourselves on a huge flat rock, watched the rollers tumbling in over the reef and hissing along the sand at our feet. Hayston then spoke freely to me of his troubles, his hopes, and disappointments, begging me to remain with him—going, indeed, the length of a half promise to use gentler methods of correction in future.

I yielded for a time, but after another week the fights and floggings, followed by threats of vengeance, commenced anew. Two incidents also, following close upon one another, led me to sever my connection with the Captain finally, though in a friendly spirit.

The first was an attack single-handed upon the Kusaie village of Utwé, driving the men before him like a flock of sheep.

Some who ventured to resist were felled by blows of his fist. Then he picked out half a dozen of the youngest women, and drove them to the men's quarters, telling them to keep them till the husbands and families ransomed them.

This was all because he had been told that Likiak Sa had been to the village, and urged the natives to remove to Lêlé, where a man-of-war was expected to arrive from Honolulu, and that Hayston dared not follow them there.

The next matter that went wrong was that he desired me to bring the trade books, and go over the various traders' accounts with him.

One of these books was missing, although I remembered placing the whole bundle in the big chest with the charts and chronometers. He declared that the loss of this book, with some important accounts of his

trading stations in the Line and Marshall Islands, rendered the others valueless.

I felt aggrieved at the imputation of carelessness, and having never since first I knew him felt any fear of expressing myself clearly, told him that he must have lost it, or it would have been with the others.

Starting from his seat with his face livid with rage, he passionately denied having lost it. Then he strode into his room, and with savage oaths drove out the women, cursing them as the cause of the brig's loss and all his misfortunes.

The next moment he appeared with his arms full of chronometers, and, standing in the doorway, tore the costly instruments from their cases and dashed them to pieces on the coral flagstones at his feet. Then, swearing he would fire the station and roast every one in it, with his hands beating and clutching at the air, his face working with

passion, he walked, staggering like a drunken man, to the beach, and threw himself down on a boulder.

Three hours after, taking little Kitty and Toby with me, I found him still there, resting his head on his hand and gazing out upon the sea.

'Captain,' I said, 'I have come to say farewell.'

He slowly raised his head, and with sorrow depicted on his countenance, gave me his hand.

I pressed it and turned away. I packed up my belongings, and then calling to Nellie, told her to give the Captain a note which I left on his table, and with a hand-shake to each of the wondering girls, made my way through the village, and thence to the bank of a lagoon that runs parallel to the southern coast of Strong's Island. I knew that I could walk to Coquille harbour in about

a day, and thither I decided to go, as at the village of Moūt dwelt a man named Kusis, who had several times pressed me to visit him.

. . . . .

It was a bright moonlight night, so that I had no difficulty in making my way along the lonely coast. The lagoon, solemnly still and silver-gleaming, lay between me and the mainland. The narrow strip on the ocean side was not more than half a mile wide; on the lagoon border was a thicket well-nigh impassable.

The mood of melancholy that impressed me at parting with a man to whom, in spite of his faults, I was sincerely attached, weighed heavily. The deep silence of the night, unbroken save by the murmuring plumes of the cocoa-nut palms as they swayed to the breath of the trade-wind, and the ceaseless plaints of the unresting surge, completed the feeling of loneliness and desolation.

At length I reached the end of the narrow spit that ran parallel to the lofty mainland, and found that I had to cross over the reef that connected it to the main, this reef forming the southern end of the lagoon.

The country was entirely new to me, but once I gained the white beach that fringed the lee side of the island, I knew that I need only follow it along till I reached the village of Moūt, about four miles distant from the end of the lagoon. I hung my bundle across my Winchester and commenced the crossing. The tide was out and the reef bare, but here and there were deep pools through which I had to pick my steps carefully, being confused besides by the lines of dazzling moon-rays.

When nearly across, and walking up to my waist through a channel that led between the coral patches, I saw a strange, dark shape moving quickly towards me. 'A shark!' I thought, but the next minute the black

mass darted past me at an angle, when I saw it was an innocent turtle that was doubtless more frightened than I. After this adventure I gained the white beach, which lay shining like a silver girdle under the moon-rays, and flung myself down on the safe yielding sand. The spot was silent as the grave. The murmurous rhythm of the surf sounded miles distant, and but rose to the faintest lulling sound, as I made a pillow of my worldly goods and sank into dreamless sleep.

It was the earliest dawn when the chill breath of the land-breeze touched my cheek, and sent a shiver through my somewhat exhausted frame. I arose, and looking round found that I was not wholly alone: several huge turtle had been keeping me company during the night, having come ashore to lay their eggs. As soon as I stood up they scrambled and floundered away in dire

fright. I felt badly in need of a smoke, but having no matches, decided to eat something instead. I had not far to seek for a breakfast. Picking up a couple of sprouting cocoa-nuts from the ground, I husked them by beating them against a tree-trunk, and made a much-needed meal from the sweet kernels.

Although I was still far from well, and the pain in my side had returned with tenfold vigour, I felt a new-born elasticity of spirit. The glow of the tropic sun lighted up the slumberous main spread out in azure vastness before me.

Shouldering my bundle and rifle, my sole worldly possessions, except utterly valueless money and papers in the Captain's care, I descended to the beach and walked along in the hard sand. At about six o'clock I came abreast of two lovely verdure-clad islets, rising from the shallow waters

which lay between the outer reefs and the mainland, and I knew I must be near Moūt.

Then I saw a canoe shoot out from the land about a quarter of a mile distant, with the native in it standing up poling it along. The next bend of the beach brought me in full view of the picturesque village. A loud cry of wonder greeted me. The next moment I was surrounded by smiling villagers. I felt a thrill of pride at the thought that of all those who had been cast away in the *Leonora*, none would have been welcomed so warmly as I was now by those simple, kind-hearted people.

'Kusis' friend, Kusis' friend has come!' the men called aloud. Crowding around, and taking rifle and bundle from me, I was escorted to the farther end of the village, where, from a pretty little house embowered in a grove of palms, a man sprang out and fairly hugged me.

This was Kusis, in whose frank and open countenance nothing but joyous welcome and boundless hospitality could be read. Taking me by the hand, he led me inside. My cares were over for the present, evidently.

Words of mine can but faintly describe the generosity and kindness of these people to me during my lengthened sojourn among them. The memory of the peaceful days which I passed in that unknown, lovely village can never be effaced.

Kusis, it seems, had often been to see me when I lay sick at Utwé, and was unconscious of his presence. The Captain and Lālia had told me of how he would come softly into the house, bringing a present of fruit or fish for 'the sick white boy,' as he called me. He would sit by my side and gaze anxiously at me for hours at a time, always questioning the Captain concerning me. When I got better I had long

chats with him, and to his inexpressible delight, gave him a shot gun which I had bought from the carpenter for a pound of tobacco. He had no shot, but he told me he could make some from strips of lead, and as there was plenty of that from the wreckage that came ashore, the Captain gave him as much as he could carry in the canoe, besides a large tin of powder and plenty of caps.

He was a tall, large-framed man for a Strong's Islander—magnificently built, and with a heart in proportion. His wife Tulpé, and his only daughter, a little girl named Kinie, made up the family. He evidently wished to complete it by making me his son, for his sole aim in life seemed to be to keep me with him.

Unlike the people of Utwé, the villagers of Moūt were utterly unsophisticated, besides being free from the cant and hypocrisy that nearly always attaches to the native character

when they profess Christianity. No doubt this was the result of their village being so distant from Lêlé, where the natives were for ever chanting psalms and hymns, and keeping the letter of the law, while at the same time they departed as widely from the spirit as their heathen forefathers had ever done.

After a while I received a letter from Captain Hayston, and with it a large parcel. The letter ran as follows :—

My dear Boy,—Have you entirely deserted me? I hope not. Come and see me again, even if you only stop a day: I miss you greatly, and the evenings are very dull without you to talk to. I gave that fellow Miles, the boatswain, a bad beating, and he has cleared out to the mountains with the Pleasant Islanders. Had you been here you would have got him off. As it is, I have lost three men. Accept the things I send. (The hat was made for you by a friend.) They will do for presents for your Kusaie friends. Let me know when you can come up, and I will send the whaleboat. —Yours sincerely,

W. H. Hayston.

I sent back my thanks, saying that I would come and see him, but should come overland, as the messenger was returning in a canoe. Kusis put in two turtle as 'present for Captin.'

I opened the parcel, which I found contained all sorts of articles likely to be useful to me, with ten pounds of tobacco, and a bag of small scarlet and white beads, the delight of a Strong's Island girl's heart. Rolled up in a native sash was a beautifully-made Panama hat. This latter was a gift from Lālia, and at once excited the admiration of Kusis and Tulpé, when they examined its texture. The childish delight of Kinie, when I gave her the beads, gave me the greatest pleasure, and although her father and mother looked with glistening eyes at the other articles which I wished them to take, they firmly refused the offered gifts, Kusis only taking a few sticks of tobacco,

and his wife a silk handkerchief with some needles and thread.

I was rapidly regaining my strength, and now felt in much higher spirits as I accompanied Kusis on his shooting and fishing trips, returning home to the bright faces and welcoming smiles of his wife and daughter. After another week Kusis and I set out to visit the Captain, who, though I was thoroughly happy and contented with my new friends, was never absent from my thoughts. He received us with unaffected pleasure, and, calling his steward and making us sit down to lunch, he gave me an account of what had been doing since I had left.

The village had now a settled appearance, and the people were all busy making oil, another two hundred and fifty thousand cocoa-nuts having been paid by the king. The Captain asked me if there were not a vast quantity of cocoa-nuts at Coquille harbour,

and on my assenting, said he would send a gang of Pleasant Islanders under Fiji Bill and Antonio to live there, and collect the third part of the indemnity—another two hundred and fifty thousand cocoa-nuts.

This I begged him not to do, pointing out the injustice of such an action, inasmuch as the people of Coquille had no hand in stealing the property from the brig, and it would be cruel to make them pay for the misdoings of others. I told him also that at Coquille were situated the largest taro and yam plantations, with the best turtle fisheries, that I was sure the natives would destroy the plantations and abandon the villages if they had the savage Pleasant Islanders quartered upon them. Besides, we might have to remain another eight or nine months on the island before the whaling fleet called here again, and that it was absolutely indispensable that he should be

able to command a supply of food to subsist nearly a hundred and fifty people.

Kusis, who was seated on the mats near us, eagerly watched the Captain. At length a look of content overspread his face as the Captain said he would not touch the cocoa-nuts in Coquille harbour. To Kusis he said, 'Tell your people to have no fear as long as the king continues to pay up, but once let me see any "soldiering," or desire to avoid paying the fine, I'll strip the island from Mount Crozier to the reef.'

Then we strolled to and fro on the Plaza, as we called the local esplanade in front of the big house, and the Captain told me to come and look at his turtle pond, in which were a number of green turtle, and also the two hawkbills sent by Kusis.

I found that several of the traders had now openly broken with him, and leaving their native following, had retired to Lêlé,

where they were under the protection of the king. The number of girls in the big house had now increased to nine or ten. At the time of my visit some were engaged in weaving an immense mat to cover the whole floor, others were drying and picking tobacco leaves for making cigars. Two of the new arrivals, I could see, were native girls. I asked the Captain what they were doing there. He answered somewhat testily, 'Did I think they came to teach Sunday school?'

I remained that night, and we spent a merry evening. In the morning, after a breakfast of turtle eggs and roast pig, Kusis and I prepared to return.

The Captain urged me to go by way of Chabral harbour, and pay my promised visit to the king.

'In that case I might let him know how his Majesty was taking matters.' Kusis

also urged me to see the king, who was anxious that I should spend a week with him.

We got a canoe to carry us across to the north arm of the harbour, where I remained an hour or two with young Harry, who had established quite a small village.

When we entered the fence surrounding his place, we found him lying in a hammock, slung between two pandanus trees, smoking his morning pipe, and having his hair combed by two pretty little witches named Rosa and Taloe.

This was Harry's idea of island luxury. He always alleged that sleeping gave him a headache, and that having his hair brushed drove it away, particularly if the combing was performed by the soft hands of one of his four houris.

He sprang up and welcomed me heartily,

urging me to stay all night. But I was anxious to get on. However, I said I should be glad to see him at Moūt, when he could bring his family with him, and give them a week's feast on pork and turtle.

Harry presently took me into a small room, saying, 'Look here!' The place was closely packed with liquor in small kegs. These had been washed ashore, and he had found them, only a few days since, high up in the mangroves. The Captain told him to store it, as it was dangerous stuff to bring to Utwé. The Pleasant Islanders are very fond of liquor, after imbibing which they always want to fight and kill some one, and generally do.

We had a glass of grog together, after which I said good-bye to the good-natured, handsome young trader and his wives, whom he used to call the 'Three Graces, with another thrown in.'

Kusis and I reached the south side of Chabral harbour about sunset. I was freshly enchanted with the loveliness of the scene, accustomed as I had become to this paradisal quarter of the globe. The trade-wind had died away, the transparent waters of the harbour reflected in their blue depths the tall shadows of the towering mountains that overhung the harbour on three sides.

A canoe put across from the king's wharf when I fired a shot to attract attention. So wonderfully clear was the atmosphere, so unbroken the silence of the lonely bay, that the quick 'tweep, tweep' of the paddle, as it struck the water, reached our ears as distinctly as if the canoe was but a few yards distant, instead of nearly half a mile.

The old king received me graciously, but soon commenced a string of complaints, interlarded with Scripture quotations rounded

off by quaint oaths. He feared the Captain greatly, and yet was anxious to keep up his authority. Then, with every grievance that was laid before me, he drank a stiff glass of grog to wash it down with, and insisted on my keeping him company.

Queen Sê now came in, saying in her prettiest English, 'Oh, you naughty boy! Why you no come see king, see *me*? Long time promise, but never come out. How you bad pain side? How many Strong's Island girl Captain got now? I never see man like that. Debil, I believe. You got any wife yet?'

I told the queen I was still unmarried, and thought I should remain so.

'Oh no, you say so now. By and by get like Captain. But don't you steal girl like him. You come to me! I pick you out nice girl. Cook, sew, make pyjamas; very pretty face too.'

By this time old Tokusar was asleep, with his head on the table, his inevitable Bible open at the Psalms of David (printed in the Kusaie dialect) in the leaf of his armchair, and the half-emptied gin bottle encircled by his left arm.

Queen Sê was a tiny little creature—very good-looking, even at this time of her life—being about five-and-twenty, which is considered the *passée* period in Polynesia. She was extremely vain, but had a quick perception of humour. She and the Captain always got on famously together.

Drawing our chairs up to a side table, she brought me a number of bound volumes of *Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, sent to her by the Queen of Hawaii.

While I looked at the pictures she plied me with questions, principally at random, about Captain Hayston, who, I was not long in discovering, had been a former

admirer. Going into a side room, she unlocked a small box, and brought me out a photo of a gentleman wearing a post-captain's uniform in Her Britannic Majesty's navy. 'What do you think of him?' she asked. 'Very, oh, very handsome man—that Captain Damer. Oh! that long time ago. I love him; he love me too'—and then, pointing to poor old Tokusar, 'King know all about it. He don't like me to talk about Captain Damer. But, oh, such handsome man! He tell me I loveliest girl in all the world. What you think yourself? What Captain tell you; he think me pretty too?'

Her Majesty was an expert angler for flattery. I was not indisposed to humour a pretty woman, and a queen, and was evidently rising in her estimation. I resolved to turn my good fortune to account, by inducing her to effect a reconciliation

between the king and the Captain, who wanted the king to visit him at Utwé, to see the wonderful change he had effected there. He felt certain that, when the king saw the magnitude of the station, knowing that it must, sooner or later, come into his possession when he, Hayston, left the island, he would forgive all that had passed.

Once the subject was broached I became an ardent advocate for the Captain, and told the queen how anxious he was to be on good terms with the king again. In fact, so eloquent did I become, partly through the potency of the schnapps of which I had partaken, that I represented the Captain as devoured with grief at losing the king's and her friendship.

The queen listened gravely, and then extending her shapely hand, caught me by the ear, and laughed, 'Oh, you bad boy! Captain Hayston think Tokusar old fool;

told *me* so plenty time. Well, never mind, I try make everything all right.'

The queen, as beseemed her, had a number of young women with her, sitting round the sides of the great room. Some were making the girdles that the Kusaie natives of both sexes wear round the waist under their other garments. They are woven on an ingeniously constructed loom, the banana fibres which form the material being stained in various bright colours. These girls were sitting in the manner peculiar to the Strong's Island women, with their eyes cast down—it being considered a boldness to look at either the king or queen. When speaking to either their eyes were always bent on the ground.

The king being carefully placed on a cane lounge, a meal was brought in. Both Kusis and I were presented with food

enough to last for a month. As the queen bade me good-night she passed her arm round me, and tenderly inquired, 'How my poor side feel?' adding that I was a very good boy, because I was kind to Strong's Island man. She also informed me that I could kiss her, which I did. Then putting the post-captain's photo in her bosom she went to bed, finally telling me that she 'will make king friend once more with Captain.'

. . . . .

For the next six months I lived with the kind-hearted Kusis, his wife, and little daughter. Except for an occasional visit to the Captain or the king, nothing disturbed the pleasing monotony of my existence.

Why Kusis should have taken such a violent and wholly unreasonable attachment to me is a mystery I never could

unravel. Yet such is island life. And how strange it is, and hard of comprehension! Women take their fancies here, as in other worlds (surely this is a world in itself, distinct, mystic, unreal), but the extraordinary point in the social system is, that men will, as a matter of mere caprice, conceive the most ardent friendship for an utter stranger. In pursuance of which passion they will entertain him for any time which he likes to stay; will guide, help, and defend him, risking and indeed sacrificing their lives for him in the most reckless and devoted manner. Such was the deep and sudden affection of Kusis for me. How he acquired it I don't in the least know. All my personal property seemed to be mixed up with his. As the weather was not favourable for attention to detail, I preferred to leave things as they were. My life at this time was

chiefly uneventful. Yet it was not always so. I was fishing one day near the end of the lagoon which extends from Utwé to the lee side of the island. After I had anchored my canoe a very strange incident indeed occurred.

The sun had just set, and I had cast out my hooks, and was able to fill my pipe, when I saw two boatsful of Pleasant Islanders land on the narrow fringe of the north side of the lagoon. There were about twenty men and seven or eight women. I saw that they had with them a small keg, doubtless one of the kegs of rum which had been washed ashore, and which they had discovered in the mangroves. A fire was lit. The women began to sing and the men to dance; and as the fiery spirit was passed round in cocoa-nut shells to the men—for the women touched none—a wild orgie began.

Suddenly bright flashes appeared from out the darkness in the surrounding grove, and the reverberating echoes of gun-shots pealed over the water, and ran far back, from mountain, crag, and cave.

Three of the dancers fell, either killed or wounded. Then the dark forms of their previously unseen enemies appeared through the firelight. The white shells worn in strings round their necks told me that they were Ocean Islanders, between whom and the Pleasant Islanders feuds were of common occurrence. Then began a bloody hand-to-hand fight, the twilight silence being broken by yells of rage and screams of mortal agony. When the Ocean Islanders were beaten off, seven or eight bodies lay motionless on the ground.

I quietly pulled up the anchor, and let the canoe drift towards the mainland. I

did not care about visiting the scene of the fight, as I had no arms with me, and learnt by experience the folly of meddling with the Pleasant Islanders when they were sober. When they were drunk I knew that they would as soon cut my throat as not.

I mentioned this matter to the Captain on my next visit. He told me with a grim smile that he knew there had been a fight up the lagoon; so much the better, as he found the Pleasant Islanders harder to manage every day, and the sooner their number was reduced the better.

One day, when Kusis and I were coming across the lagoon with some pigeons I had shot, we met the Pingelap girl, Peloa, paddling a canoe furiously, her plump face showing great excitement. 'She had been sent for us,' she said, 'by the Captain. There was a sail in sight. I was to hasten

back to Moūt, where I would find a boat outside the reef which he had sent down for me. I was to try and board the ship, in case he could not do so from Utwé, and tell the master that a shipwrecked crew were on the island.'

Peloa hauled her canoe up on a little beach, and got in with us. We three then paddled along till we got abreast of the two islets near Moūt. We then saw a whale-boat coming round the point with a lug sail. She soon ran in for me, and I found she was manned by Pleasant Islanders, who told me that the ship was coming round the point, about three miles off the land.

There was a strong breeze, and we slipped through the water at a great rate so as to meet the ship. As soon as we cleared the point I saw her coming down before the wind about two miles distant.

She was a large ship, and was running

straight for us with her yards squared. At first I thought she had seen us, but she kept steadily on her course. Then I saw her take in her light sails and heave to. Standing up in the boat, I could distinguish a whaleboat under a fore and aft sail close to her. Behind this boat were two others, which, from their black paint and peculiarly-cut sails, I knew to be those the Captain had at Utwé.

The ship lay to till the first whaleboat boarded her, and then, to my great surprise, the yards were swung round, the light sails again set, and she stood on her course, but kept the wind more on her quarter so as to make the most of the breeze.

By this time I had got almost within hailing distance of the ship. She was deep in the water, and was, I supposed, some coal-laden ship bound from New South Wales to China, which had taken the outside

or easier route to her destination. When the whaleboat lowered her sail and ran alongside, I saw that she was the king's new boat, and contained but two men. These, my crew said, looked like the two deserters from the *St. George*. As soon as they got on board the boat was hoisted in without delay, and, as I have said, the ship kept on her course.

It was of no use attempting to overtake her, as she was travelling now about twelve knots, so I signalled for the other two boats, and they ran down after us till we got under the lee of the land again in smooth water.

The men in these boats told me the following tale :—About daylight that morning the king's whaleboat, which was anchored in Utwé harbour, was found to be missing. The two deserters from the *St. George* were also gone. Captain Hayston instantly offered to send his boat in pursuit of the

runaways, and curiously, just as they were being launched, there came a cry of 'Sail ho!' The Captain then saw the ship a long way off, and told the crews to try and board her, and get her to run in close to the land, and that he would then come off himself. In the meantime he manned one of the traders' whaleboats with a native crew, and sent her round to Coquille to pick me up, as he fancied the ship would be easier boarded from there than from Utwé. The three boats left together, two standing right out to sea, and the other running down the coast to pick me up.

When the two boats were within three miles of the ship, they noticed the fore and aft sail of the king's whaleboat showing up now and then as she rose and sank again in the heavy swell, and noticed that she was also heading to meet the ship. The rest I had observed myself.

I suspected something from the manner of the coxswain in charge of the king's two boats, but did not question him, and telling him to give the Captain full particulars of our endeavour to board the ship, I got ashore in a smooth part of the reef, and walked back to Moūt, where I found the villagers in a great state of excitement, under the impression that I had gone away in the ship.

Hayston afterwards admitted that he had supplied the deserters with sextant, compass, and chart, had also given them provisions, and fifty dollars in money. They promised him to make straight for Ponapé, and wait there till some Californian ship called, which they would endeavour to charter, on the part of Hayston, to beat up to Strong's Island, and take us all away to Providence Island. Barney was a good navigator, and could he only have kept fairly sober,

would have long since had a ship of his own. He eagerly accepted the Captain's offer, and the next morning the crew of the king's whaleboat found she had disappeared; then followed the strange series of events by which Barney and his mate got on board the ship and evaded pursuit.

Barney was a highly intelligent individual, as the sequel will show, and was capable of making a rapid calculation of probabilities. He afterwards visited Samoa, and gave this account of his escape.

He said that when the Captain provided him with 'a jewel of a whaleboat,' he honestly intended to fulfil his promises. He lost some time in trying to persuade a native girl named Luta to share his fortunes, but she was afraid of a long voyage in a small boat. His pleadings, moreover, were cut short by the Captain, who told him to hurry

up, and get out of the harbour before daylight.

As soon, then, as Barney sighted the ship a plan suggested itself to him. Once on deck he introduced himself to the Captain as 'Captain Casey,' and said, 'For heaven's sake, sir, don't delay another moment. There are two boat-loads of bloody, cut-throat pirates coming after me, and they mane to take the ship! Have you never heard of "Bully Hayston"?'

The skipper *had* heard of him. Things true, and untrue likewise. Then Barney told him a tale of how the *Leonora* had been wrecked on the island, and that ever since the fierce Captain and crew had planned to cut off the first ship that touched at the island—that he (Barney) and his mate had owned a small trading cutter, which Hayston had seized two days ago—but that he had managed to escape with one of his

men, and thanked God that he was able to reach the ship in time, and save every one's throat from being cut.

The ship's captain took all this in; Barney's boat was hoisted in, and the ship kept away. The two boats, with their crews of excited natives yelling and shouting, gave colour to Barney's narrative, and when he pointed to my boat, and said, 'Holy saints! there's another of the villains coming out under the lee side with a boat-load of pirates too,' the captain's funk was complete. He landed Barney and his companion at Ponapé, and, purely out of compassion, bought the king's whaleboat and her contents for a hundred dollars, so that Mr. Barney landed there with a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, and got a free passage later on to Manila as a distressed American seaman.

The Captain took matters philosophically

when the boats returned, saying that he never had expected to see Barney again. After which he resumed his oil-making and the government of his 'kingdom by the sea' as usual.

As for me, my life was a quiet, deeply enjoyable one. I began at times to doubt whether I should ever wish to change it. But against this phase of lotus-eating contentment arose from time to time a haunting dread, lest by evil chance I should ever sink down into the position of those renegades from civilisation, whom I had known, in the strange world of 'The Islands,' and as often pitied or despised. In this Robinson Crusoe existence I even felt a mild interest in the three cattle that we had landed at Utwé.

They had found their way over to the lee side of the island, and made their way along the beach to Moūt.

One day little Kinie met them, and, with

hair flying loose and eyes dilated in an agony of terror, fled wildly home. She explained to me incoherently 'that she had met three huge pigs, with long teeth growing out of their heads and eyes as big as cocoa-nuts.'

Kusis and I, with some natives, went out and found them walking slowly along the beach. At the sound of my voice they stopped and let me come up to them, smelling me all over. I had only a mat round my waist, for my European clothes were only worn on great occasions; but they evidently knew me for a different being from those around them. We drove them to a rich piece of meadow land, where they remained during the rest of my stay on the island—fat, quiet, and contented.

. . . . .

Early one morning I made ready for a start back to Coquille harbour, and

found Kusis awaiting me in the king's courtyard.

Shortly after the queen came out and told me that I must wait for breakfast, or the king would be offended. Old Tokusar then appeared, none the worse for the night's potations, and we sat down to a very good breakfast.

He told me that he had intended to go and see the Captain's village at Utwé, but that Likiak Sa had dissuaded him by telling him that Hayston would seize and imprison him.

I assured the king that this was a pure invention, upon which both he and the queen said they would take my word before that of Likiak Sa, and from the kindness of the king and his subjects at Chabral harbour, I felt certain that my intercession with Hayston on behalf of the villages at Coquille had placed me high in their regard.

The queen pointed to a pile of beautiful mats, quantities of cooked fowls, pigeons, pork, fish, and fruit, which were being carried in and deposited in the courtyard, telling me that they were presents from the king and herself, and would be taken down to Moūt for me by native carriers.

As I was bidding my royal friends good-bye, promising to come and see them whenever I got tired of Moūt, Kitty of Ebon came in, and quite bore out the description Hayston had given me of her remarkable beauty. She seemed a very intelligent girl, and was much admired by the king, who kept nudging me, and saying in his wheezy, croaking voice, 'Um, ah! What you tink girl like that?'

He then fell into moody silence, upon which Queen Sê gave him a scornful glance, exclaiming, 'For shame! old man like you, sick all the time, look so much at young girl

like Kitty Ebon! Captain Hayston teach you all that.'

I learnt from Kitty that Lālia was then at her house on a visit, and, telling the king and queen of her kindness to me when I was ill at Utwé, said I should like to go and see her, as Kitty's house lay in the direction Kusis and I were taking. The queen generously gave me a small work-box, with the necessary fittings, which she said I could give to Lālia. It was quite a handsome affair, and had been given to the queen by a ship captain; but she had never used it. Shaking hands with Tokusar and Queen Sê, we set out on our journey, Kusis leading the way, Kitty of Ebon and I following, and the carriers in the rear.

Kitty was very lively, and startlingly simple in manner. She made me laugh at her description of the flirtations of Captain Hayston and the queen when he had visited

Strong's Island three years before in company with Captain Ben Peese. For a missionary's housekeeper Kitty of Ebon was something unique, and her lively sallies kept me amused in her excellent English all the way. I was pleased to see Lālia, who was looking as beautiful as ever. Indeed, it was hard to say which was the handsomer, she or the hostess.

I gave her the work-box, which seemed to please her very much. Then Kitty proposed a game of cards, saying it was all right, as we need not play for money, and no one would tell Mr. Morland. But I had to decline, and, saying good-bye to them with some regrets, I rejoined Kusis, much wondering inwardly whether Lālia, with her sad, bright eyes, soft voice, and gentle manner, could really have been the perpetrator of the cruel deed in the mountain forest of Utwé.

CHAPTER XII

'MY LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY'

In October I received another letter from the Captain, asking me to meet him in Chabral harbour. He had become so tired of waiting for a ship that he had decided to start in a boat for Millé. He had effected a reconciliation with the king, and was paying him a friendly visit. He meant to arrange with him regarding the people and the management of the station at Utwé during his absence.

I left Moūt at daylight, and, as I said good-bye to Tulpé and the little daughter, how little I thought that I

should never cross their hospitable threshold again!

Kusis came with me, and we took the route by the weather side of the island, reaching Lêlé in the afternoon. On my way to the king's house we came across a number of women catching shrimps in the rivulet that runs into Chabral harbour, and among them were Kitty of Ebon and Lālia.

These two called to us to stop, as they had news for me. Coming out of the water, they threw off their wet clothes and put on dry ones. Then the four of us sat down on a low coral wall under the shade of some trees.

Kitty of Ebon began the conversation by saying that the Captain had arrived the night before, and had a long talk with the king, whom he told that he was going to try and reach Millé in the largest of the ship's boats, though he would have to

contend against the north-east trades the whole way. He wished the king to become responsible for the management and safety of the station of Utwé.

This the king didn't see his way to do, as he could never control the Pleasant Islanders. The remaining white men at Chabral harbour would regain their control over them as soon as Hayston had left; that it was not wise of the Captain to attempt to reach Millé.

He also showed great fear of being punished if the Captain came back and found his station pillaged.

Kitty of Ebon, who was present at the interview, further narrated that the king, finding that Hayston was bent on setting out for Millé, made another proposal to the Captain, who had accepted it on the condition that I would concur. This was that all the oil, boats, and stores, with the women, should

be conveyed to Chabral harbour and put under the king's protection, who professed then to be anxious that I should come and live with him in case the traders made an attack on him, and tried to seize the property or carry off the women.

Both Kitty and Lālia urged me not to do this, for, they said, 'as soon as the Captain goes away there will be fighting here; the king is weak, and the traders do not fear him. Besides, they are plotting with Likiak Sa, the missionary, who has promised them to win the king over. They say that you and Black Johnny are the only two men that will stand by the Captain's property when guns and knives are out, as young Harry is to stay at Utwé till the Captain returns.'

I inquired of the girls what the traders proposed doing with me.

'Shoot you, Black Johnny, and young Harry. Then, when the Captain is once

away, they will be strong enough, and the king will not interfere with them.'

Lālia then told me that one of the traders' wives had told her that they had arranged to have us three shot by some of their natives as soon as the Captain had left for Millé. The girls again urged me not to comply with the king's request, and to dissuade Hayston from his intended voyage. Indeed, they tried to prevent me from going to the king at all, Kitty urging me to come to her house, and write a letter to the Captain asking him to meet me there.

The thought of the Captain being a victim, as well as myself and young Harry, to such treachery decided me in an instant, and breaking away from the women, Kusis and I soon reached the king's house.

The traders who were living at Chabral kept carefully within doors. When I reached the courtyard of the king's house I found no

one there but his Majesty and Likiak Sa engaged in earnest conversation. The native missionary glanced uneasily at me, and I at once opened out on him by calling him a treacherous dog, striking him at the same time, and threatening him with the Captain's vengeance. He picked himself up and left.

'Where is the Captain?' I said to the king.

'In my oil-shed,' he answered in a troubled voice.

But I said nothing to him, and, finding Hayston, shortly made him acquainted with what I had learnt from Kitty of Ebon. His face darkened as he strode off to the king.

At that moment the natives called out that there was a vessel in sight, upon which he turned back, and together we walked to the beach in time to see a fine fore and aft schooner sailing in, which Hayston declared was the *Matautu*, belonging to Captain Warner.

He would never have ventured in if he knew I was here,' quoth the Captain grimly ; 'and if I had a few of my boys he'd never go out again, unless the schooner had a new master.'

I reasoned with him against the folly of such an action, when he said that he would use fair means at first, and would try and charter the *Matautu*. He then went to the king, and I could see meant mischief. I was glad to notice the traders getting into canoes and making for the schooner, where they no doubt thought they would be safe, as Hayston had only two native boys with him, and would hardly attempt to tackle the schooner single-handed.

Likiak Sa was again with the king when we returned. However, he ran away at once, narrowly missing a chair which the Captain threw at him. Old Tokusar seemed scared, as he watched the Captain's darken-

ing face. He inquired in a shaking voice, 'Why you so much angry?'

'Because,' answered the Captain, 'the men who have been living on my food have been plotting against me, and that scheming missionary is at the bottom of it; but look you, King Tokusar, and mark my words well! If I suspect you, too, I will burn your house and town, and drown you like a rat in your own turtle-pond!'

'Captain,' I said, 'what folly! You are here almost alone, and all but in the power of your enemies. Return to the boats and get back to Utwé.'

He calmed down almost immediately, and said he would see Captain Warner. He asked me to come with him. I mentioned the fact of the traders being on board the ship, and urged him to be cautious.

We got in the boats, and pulled towards the schooner. Before we were half-way

across, the Captain laughed contemptuously, and pointed to the traders, who were already leaving the schooner's side in canoes, and making rapidly for the western side of the harbour.

Captain Warner seemed under great excitement when we stepped on deck, but the cordial manner of Hayston's greeting at once reassured him, so that we were received most politely and asked below.

Captain Warner seemed so intensely amiable that I could hardly help laughing, and as he kept his glass constantly filled, or rather emptied, his amiability increased proportionately.

In the course of conversation a discussion arose as to some business transactions with Hayston while we were at Ponapé, and the skipper laughingly remarked that he had overreached him in the matter. The Captain, who was now perfectly calm,

gave a pleasantly-worded denial, and said, 'No, Captain Warner, I think my supercargo must have got to windward of *you* there.'

A quarrel ensued forthwith. The burly skipper became offensive, and it ended in our agreeing to meet with pistols on the beach at daylight next morning.

However, at dawn the *Matautu* had towed out with the first breath of the land-breeze, and was already outside the passage standing to the westward. So the duel did not come off. I honestly think the skipper was not afraid, but I suspect he decided not to risk another encounter with Hayston, and so thought discretion was the better part of valour.

Next day we again heard the stirring cry of 'Sail ho!' The new arrival was the *Morning Star* from Honolulu, from which about ten o'clock landed the Rev. Mr. Mor-

land—a portly, white-bearded old gentleman, who at once made his way to his residence, while the Captain and I returned to South harbour. Kusis went home, with a promise from me to follow him next day, the honest fellow begging me to delay as little as possible.

It was dark when we started, and a fierce black squall struck us just after we got out of the passage, nearly capsizing the boat. The Captain thought we had better return, but I was anxious to get back to Moūt, and said I was sure the squall would not last. So we reefed the sail and dashed out to sea close-hauled, for the squall came from the westward, and was dead against us. However, the wind continued to increase, and the little boat shipped two or three heavy seas. So we agreed to turn back.

We went about in a lull, and had made the entrance to the passage, as we thought,

when the Captain called out, 'Look out! here comes a sea!'

Looking back, I saw a huge black roller almost on top of us. The next minute I felt we had touched. I shouted, 'By Jove! we're not in the passage at all—it's only a creek in the reef. Jump out, quick!'

We all sprang out of the boat on to the jagged coral, then the waves, poised high in air, dashed down upon us, and we were all washed clear over into a pool of smooth water. The boat was capsized, and with broken masts and oars gone, was swept in far ahead of us, till she disappeared in the darkness. We clung to the reef as best we could, and succeeded in reaching a coral 'mushroom' that was just awash. 'We'll be all right here,' said the Captain, in his cool, cheerful way; 'are you boys all right?'—the two native boys were, like ourselves, cut about the arms and legs by the coral. But

they thought nothing of that. What they dreaded were the *sharks!*

Fortunately the tide was falling, and the coral knoll was gradually showing more of its surface above the water. Otherwise none of us would have reached the shore; for in these deep water passages the sharks literally swarm.

A sea occasionally broke close to us, but not with sufficient force to wash any of us away. Suddenly the Captain said, 'Boys, I see some people fishing ashore with torches,' and he gave a resounding hail. An answer came back, and, what was more to the purpose, a canoe, in which we were rescued from our precarious position and taken ashore. The boat was searched for, and found drifting out to sea. But as long as I live I shall never forget the horrible feeling of standing on that coral knoll, in the wave-washed darkness, knowing that if we were once dislodged

there was no chance of escaping the sharks. We were all good swimmers, but the Kusaie natives told us that the passage of Chabral harbour was swarming with the dreaded reef-shark, that seeks its prey, chiefly turtle, in the foam and swirl of the breakers on the reef. We slept that night in a native house, some distance from the village of Lêlé, and at daylight proceeded along the beach to the king's house. The old king did not appear; the queen was very hospitable to us, but seemed nervous and constrained in her manner to the Captain. Once when I was standing apart from him, she said in a low tone that I had better return to Moūt, where I would be safe, adding, 'Don't stay along with Captain. Man-of-war come from Honolulu to take him away. By and by I tell him.'

I afterwards regretted that I did not attach more importance to her warning, and tell the

Captain; subsequent events showed that both the king and queen had been informed by Mr. Morland of the impending arrival of a man-of-war, which had been searching for Hayston for months previously. Later in the day, while the Captain was superintending repairs to the boat, Mr. Morland and the native colleague were announced. The white missionary requested to see the Captain. I may mention, that during our cruise to the north-west in the *Leonora* we had occasionally met with the missionary brig, *Morning Star*, and had been visited by Mr. Morland once or twice.

On this occasion he met us with the usual smile and outstretched hand.

'How do you do, Captain Hayston? I am glad—very glad to see you, and yet sorry; for you have my sincere sympathy for the loss of your beautiful vessel.'

'Morland!' came the quick reply, 'you

know you are lying most infernally. You are no more pleased to see me than I am to see you. Our interests are too antagonistic for us to take kindly to each other. So let us at least be candid!'

'Oh, Captain Hayston!' rejoined Mr. Morland, 'you terribly unkind man! Why must you hate the poor parson so? Oh, my friend, my countryman, let us shake hands as fellow-Christians should do when they meet in these lonely, beautiful spots of God's bright universe!'

Hayston smiled, but if he had but known that Mr. Morland was, even then, anxiously looking for the tall spars of one of Her Majesty's warships, and had actually been in communication with her captain a few days previously, he would possibly have half-strangled his pleasant-mannered visitor then and there.

After a short chat the missionary returned

to the king's house with the Captain, while I busied myself with the repairs of the boat, when the startling cry of 'Sail ho!' rang through the quiet village. I ran up to the king's house, and found the Captain in the courtyard playing a game of dominoes with Queen Sê.

The missionary and Likiak Sa were just coming out from an interview with the king. The air of exultation on their faces as they saw the natives hurrying to and fro at the cry of 'Sail ho!' struck me at once.

The Captain sprang up at once, and said, 'Let us take the boat and go out to her, she may want a pilot'; and we walked through the house to the stone wharf that abutted on one side of the king's establishment. We jumped into the boat, and with a crew of four natives pulled quickly out of the passage. On gaining the open we could see no sail, and concluded that the ship must be coming

round the north-eastern side of the island, where she had been sighted by the natives. We then set sail, and commenced beating to windward, and about half an hour afterwards, as the little boat rode on the swell, we got a sight of the lofty masts and square yards of a man-of-war under steam, as she rounded the high land on the north-east side of the island.

With a sudden exclamation the Captain stood up and gazed at the steamer. He then seated himself and seemed lost in thought. The great vessel came steadily on, then altered her course by a couple of points, and steered in the direction of the passage. I could see that she was under a full head of steam, and was travelling at a great rate. A volume of thick smoke was issuing from the yellow funnel, and as there is always a heavy sea off the windward side of Strong's Island she rolled tremendously,

the water pouring from her black-painted sides in sheets.

The Captain watched her intently. 'That's a man-of-war, Hilary! and a Britisher too,' he said. 'Though she may be an American —the *Portsmouth* or the *Jamestown*; I can't tell with that smoke blowing ahead of her. If she's an American cruiser, she'll take me prisoner right enough. It's no use attempting to escape now. It's too late; I must take my chance. In that case you must get away to Utwé as quick as possible, and do the best you can with the station and the people. You know where the money is stowed away, and what to do with it if we are fated not to meet again.'

. . . . .

As he said these words the smoke cleared away from the cruiser, and we had a splendid view of her as she rose majestically to a heavy sea, and fell gracefully into the trough

again. 'A Britisher, by ——!' exclaimed the Captain, 'and a beauty too; give way, my lads, she's stopped her engines. Let us get aboard, and I'll soon learn what's in store for me.'

In order that it may be understood what reason the Captain had for these strong suspicions of arrest and imprisonment, I will here make quotation from the *Queensland Government Gazette*, an official journal of severely correct character, which, like 'the *Apparatus*, cannot lie.'

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
BRISBANE, 20*th August* 1875.

His Excellency directs the subjoined circular despatch received from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, together with the enclosed correspondence with the Board of Admiralty, respecting the proceedings in the South Seas of W. H. Hayston, a United States subject, and master of the American brig *Leonora*, to be published in the *Gazette* for general information.

A. MACALISTER.

The Admiralty to the Colonial Office.

ADMIRALTY, 12*th January* 1875.

SIR,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to transmit herewith, for the information of the Earl of Carnarvon, a letter and its enclosures from Commodore Goodenough, Senior Naval Officer of the Australasian Station, reporting the proceedings of W. H. Hayston, a citizen of the United States, and master of the late American brig *Leonora*. It is requested that these papers be returned in order that they may be sent to the Foreign Office.—I am, etc.

(Signed) ROBERT HALL.

The Under Secretary of State,
Colonial Office.

Admiral Cochrane to the Admiralty.

Repulse AT CALLAO, 28*th February* 1875.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward for the information of their Lordships a copy of correspondence which I have received from Commodore Goodenough, commanding the Australian Station.

2. The correspondence has reference to the very irregular conduct of a master of a trading brig lately wrecked. The master is believed to be an American.

3. Commodore Goodenough requested that the documents containing evidence tending to substantiate

the charges against the said master should be forwarded to the American admiral commanding the North Pacific Station. The islands where the occurrences referred to took place are not included in the Pacific Station.—I am, etc.

(Signed) A. A. COCHRANE.

Rear Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

H.M.S. *Repulse*,
CALLAO, 28*th February* 1875.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward for your perusal copies of correspondence I have received from Commodore Goodenough in command of H.M. ships on the Australian Station, relative to the highly irregular proceedings of a master of a vessel trading among the South Sea Islands. He is believed to be an American citizen.

I should be much gratified if circumstances enable you to cause inquiry into the subject of the charges enumerated.—I have, etc.

(Signed) A. A. COCHRANE.

Rear Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

Circular.

DOWNING STREET, 13*th May* 1875.

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit to you copies of a correspondence with the Board of Admiralty

respecting the proceedings in the South Seas of W. H. Hayston, a United States subject, and master of the late American brig *Leonora*. In connection with the lawless conduct of Hayston, as reported in the papers now transmitted, I beg to refer you to my predecessor's Circular Despatch of 22nd December 1875, relating to the proceedings in the case of the *Atlantic*, and I desire to express my entire concurrence in the hope expressed by Lord Kimberley, that no opportunity may be lost of bringing the man to trial.—I have, etc.

CARNARVON.

To the Officer administering the
Government of Queensland.

Proceedings of H.M.S. *Rosario* in the South Sea Islands. Criminal acts of Mr. W. H. Hayston, master of the brig *Leonora*.

H.M.S. *Pearl*, 16*th November* 1874.

SIR,—I have the honour to enclose for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a Report and various papers furnished to me by Commander Dupont of H.M.S. *Rosario*, concerning a Mr. William H. Hayston, master of the late American brig *Leonora*.

2. This Mr. Hayston has long been known among the Pacific Islands as a collector of produce, and has the reputation of defrauding natives and lifting produce

collected by other traders. He has been spoken of in correspondence between this and the Chinese Station as 'the notorious Captain Hayston,' but hitherto no evidence on which he could be convicted of any piratical act has been brought before me.

3. It seemed possible that Commander Dupont, while cruising in H.M.S. *Rosario* among the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, and watching the labour traffic, might be able to gather some evidence which would enable him to detain this person, who is doing much harm among the islands. A copy of my orders to Commander Dupont is enclosed.

4. Commander Dupont seems only to have obtained the evidence which he desired against Hayston after he had learned of his escape, and he is satisfied from inspection of Hayston's papers that he is an American citizen.

5. Commander Dupont brought away with him from Strong's Island the crew of Hayston's vessel, the *Leonora*, which was wrecked there in March last, and also one Hilary Telfer, who had proceeded from Samoa to Millé as supercargo of a vessel called the *E. A. Wilson*, and belonging to the sons and daughters of Mr. Wilson, H.M. Consul from Samoa.

6. This Mr. Telfer carried with him from Samoa orders from Mr. Wilson to put the *E. A. Wilson* and the cargo into Hayston's hands to be sold, and in course of business appears to have become so mixed up

in Hayston's affairs, that the latter made him his agent and entrusted him with letters to all his subordinate agents, informing them that he had been seized by the *Rosario* for conveyance to Sydney.

7. I was in Samoa in H.M.S. *Pearl* in November 1873. The ketch *E. A. Wilson* was then there under repairs. Mr. S. D. Wilson told me nothing of his intentions regarding the vessel, but gave me to understand that Mr. Hayston was a great rascal, who had cleverly outwitted all inquiries. He offered to obtain evidence from a half-caste, and at my desire took the statements (which proved valueless) on oath. Yet on December 3, 1873, he enters into communication with this man, against whom he had pretended to give me information.

8. I consider the whole affair as most unsatisfactory, even regarding Mr. Wilson as a trader. In the position of Her Majesty's Acting Consul, I consider that he has been guilty of improper behaviour, rendering him unworthy to occupy such a position. The desirability of appointing a non-trading Consul in Samoa has already been pointed out by both myself and my predecessor on this Station.

9. The papers I enclose concerning Hayston will illustrate the life of a modern South-Sea filibuster.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. GOODENOUGH,
Captain and Commodore, 2nd Class,
Commanding Australian Station.

To the Secretary.

Enclosure No. 2.

H.M.S. *Rosario*,
At Sea, Lat. 2° 26′ N., Long. 167° 19′ E.,
10*th October* 1874.

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Hayston, master of the American brig *Leonora*, I beg to forward the following statement of facts relative to him that I have been able to collect among the different islands visited during my present cruise :—

1. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hayston is a shrewd, unprincipled man, who has committed acts of violence towards the natives, and been guilty of unjustifiable acts towards other persons. Yet, so greatly has his name got to be feared, by both natives and white men on the islands, that, though it was evident that at nearly all the islands I visited he was well known, it was impossible to find out much about him.

2. With respect to Mr. Dunn's business, what evidence I could get was mainly in Hayston's favour, and tended to show that Dunn's agents had sold the trade to Hayston instead of his taking it. This is certainly the case as regards an Englishman named George Winchcombe, whom I found living on Nukufutau, one of the Ellice group. He himself stated to me that he left Sydney with Dunn, in the understanding that he was to be found at a station on one of the islands. He complained that Dunn treated him badly on board, and

eventually sent him on shore on the island of Apaiari (Gilbert group) to collect trade. He was dissatisfied with his life, much in dread of the natives, and on Hayston's coming there in the beginning of 1873, he begged him to take him off the island, and offered to sell him all the trade he had collected. Hayston accordingly took him. At another island, Tarawa, the only white resident had heard that some trade had been removed by Hayston, but was not on the island at the time. At other islands I heard things relative to Dunn's property, but could get nothing but hearsay evidence. I could not find a single individual, either white or native, who could furnish me with any positive evidence or proof against Hayston.

On entering Chabral harbour (Strong's Island), Mr. Hayston, as I have reported in my letter of proceedings, came out to meet the ship in a boat. He told that his vessel had been wrecked in South harbour of the island on the 15th of March this year, since which date he had been living on shore collecting oil.

Mr. Morland, an American missionary, who had just arrived from Ebon Island, and numerous white men—the late crew of the *Leonora*—were also there. A schooner under the German flag, Mr. Miller (an Englishman) master, lay in the harbour. I commenced making inquiries as quietly as possible about Hayston, but here, as at other places, I met with disinclination from all traders to tell me anything they might know; Mr. Miller,

though hinting that Hayston had robbed him not long since, would at first say nothing, nor was it till after considerable persuasion and the delay of some days that I got the enclosed statement, with the various witnesses in the matter, from him.

But as he was sailing under German colours, I could not believe my duty was to do more than receive the statements and forward it through you to the German Consul in Sydney.

Hayston, apprised by some of the crew of the inquiries that had been made, left the island in a boat on the night of the 27th. His design was, I believe, either to make the island of Ascension or that of Pingelap. At their own request, and also considering it a good thing for the island to be rid of them, I took five of the crew of the *Leonora* on board for passage to Sydney, and also one other person who had been a passenger on board, and also, from what I could hear, a great friend of Hayston. This Hilary Telfer was the person who had been sent by Mr. Wilson, British Consul at Samoa, as supercargo of the ketch that I met at Millé, but leaving his charge there, had gone to sea with Hayston and been with him since January. I deemed it advisable that he should be removed, there being no chance of his getting back to Millé from Strong's Island, and also because the chief particularly desired his removal, as being likely to stir up trouble in the island. These six persons are now on board.

I visited Mr. Hayston's residence at South harbour; he had made a regular settlement of it, and had collected a large quantity of oil. No less than five young women were living in his house, who had all with one exception been living on board the *Leonora*. That vessel was sunk in fourteen fathoms, her topmast head a few feet above water.

The first mate I left on the island, recommending him to take charge of Hayston's property. The second mate, William Hicks, ran away into the bush and couldn't be found, otherwise I should have taken him to Sydney with the others. Thinking the case over quietly afterwards, I cannot see how I could have arrested Hayston. It is, therefore, with great regret that I am obliged to report my failure to collect sufficient evidence against him to warrant my doing so. The case of Mr. Dunn must have failed from want of such evidence.—I have, etc., etc.

A. E. DUPONT,
Commander.

To Commodore J. G. Goodenough,
H.M.S. *Pearl*.

Enclosure No. 13.

MESSRS. BASCOM AND CO. TO MR. HILARY TELFER, SUPERCARGO.

DEAR SIR,—You will proceed from hence to Millé, Mulgrave Island, for the purpose of selling the ketch

E.A.W. You will find Captain Hayston there waiting for you, so you will please consult with him, as he is acquainted with the people who wish to purchase the ketch. Try to obtain oil or copra to the amount of £500 for her. Ship whatever produce you may get on board the *Leonora*, and get Captain Hayston to sign bills of lading. Do not sell the chronometer unless you get a good price for it. Sell the few things you take to the best advantage. None of the Samoans are to remain, but to come back to Apia. Have the ketch painted at Millé.—Wishing you a prosperous and speedy voyage, we are, etc.

(Signed) BASCOM AND CO.

Enclosure No. 15.

KNOW all men by these presents that I, William Henry Hayston, master mariner, now residing on Strong's Island, in the North Pacific Ocean, have made, constituted, and appointed Hilary Telfer, of Sydney, New South Wales, at present residing on this island of Kusaie (or Strong's Island), to be my true and lawful agent for me, and, in my place and stead, to enter into and take possession of my station situated at Maloe, near the village of Utwé, South harbour, on the above-named island. Also all my oil, casks, tobacco, and other trade which may be on said station. Also boats, canoe, pigs, fowls, possessions — all and everything,

whether of value or not, together with my furniture and private effects, and to take full charge of all my business on the above-named island during my trip to the eastward. (Signed) W. H. Hayston,

In the presence of the undersigned witness, this 19th August 1874.

(Signed) Charles Roberts.

Enclosure No. 16.

Memorandum of Instructions for Mr. Hilary Telfer.

Sir,—As I am about to leave Strong's Island, and have given you power to act on my behalf, I wish you to close up all my affairs in the best manner you can. You will look after the property I leave behind, and dispose of it to the best advantage. Out of the remainder of the oil you can pay yourself for the chronometer, and Mr. Harry Skillings for the trade I had from him. Sell the balance, including the large cargo-boat, as soon as an opportunity offers. Anything left over you can give to the people that have been kind to you, and the natives. Out of the proceeds of the sale you can pay for the passage of my natives to Samoa, if they want to go there. If not, see them back on their own island, or on some of the Kingsmill group, that they may get with their own country people.

My native boy Toby I wish you to take to Samoa,

and look after him as well as you can ; also Kitty, as they have no father or mother. Both were given to me by the king of Hope Island. The stores I left behind are for you and the natives to live on till you can get away. Be careful of the little trade I leave you, as the Strong's Islanders want payment for everything you get of them to eat. You will also bear in mind that the king owes me 12,100 cocoa-nuts, the balance of the 48,000 that he agreed to pay me for the property stolen by the Strong's Islanders at the time of the loss of the brig.

I write an accompanying letter to each of my agents. You will have to settle with them by their own accounts, as my trade-book was lost, as you know. The balance, after paying for your own passage and expense, you can hand over to my agent at Samoa.—Wishing you a safe arrival there and every success, I remain, yours in good faith, (Signed) W. H. Hayston.

Circular.

Downing Street, 31*st May* 1875.

Sir, — With reference to my circular despatch of 13th instant, I have the honour to transmit to you the accompanying copy of a note addressed by the Duc de Decazes to Her Majesty's Minister at Paris, in consequence of the communication on the subject of the lawless proceedings of W. H. Hayston in the South Seas,

which the Earl of Derby caused to be made to the French Government, also those of Germany and the United States.—I am, etc. CARNARVON.

The Officer Administering
the Government of Queensland.

THE DUC DE DECAZES TO MR. ADAMS.

[Copy.]

PARIS, *le* 10 *mai* 1875.

M. LE MINISTRE,—J'ai porté à la connaissance de mon collègue les informations que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me transmettre, relativement à un personnage dangereux, du nom de Hayston, qui se serait signalé par de nombreux actes de déprédation dans les Iles de l'Océanie. M. l'Amiral de Montaigne répondant à ma communication m'annonce qu'il signalera par le premier courier cet individu au Commandant en Chef de notre division navale dans l'Océan Pacifique. Il adressera en outre à M. l'Amiral Rebout les instructions nécessaires pour que ce filibustier soit surveillé de près et mis, le cas échéant, hors d'état de poursuivre son industrie criminelle.—Agréez, etc.

(Signé) DUC DE DECAZES.

M. Adams.

CHAPTER XIII

H.M.S. ROSARIO

As we pulled up alongside we saw her bulwarks forward crowded with the blue-jackets. The Captain's quick eye, which nothing escaped, detected among them the bronzed faces of Dan Gardiner and another trader whom he had left at Providence Island.

'She's come to take me, sure enough,' he said to me. 'The moment I looked at those two fellows they dropped back out of sight. Never mind, come aboard and I'll see it through.'

As soon as we gained the deck he advanced towards a group of officers standing

on the quarter-deck, and, raising his hat, said, 'Good morning, gentlemen. I am Captain Hayston of the brig *Leonora*, cast away on this island in the earlier part of the year.'

There was a moment's silence; then a tall man, the captain of the cruiser, stepped out from the others, surveyed Hayston from head to foot, and said, 'Oh, ah, indeed! then you are the very man I am looking for. This is Her Majesty's ship *Rosario*, and you are a prisoner, Mr. Hayston!'

Hayston simply bowed and said nothing, retiring to the port side, where he was placed under the charge of the sergeant-major of marines, who, as also all others on board, looked with intense curiosity at the man of whose doings they had heard so much in their cruises in the Pacific Ocean.

The man-of-war captain then demanded my name, after which I was considerably

staggered by the announcement that he had instructions to apprehend me on the charge of stealing the ketch *E. A. Wilson*, the property of Messrs. Bascom and Co. of Samoa.

Hayston at once came forward, and, addressing the captain, said that I had simply brought that vessel to him at Millé, and could produce written instructions from the owners to hand the vessel over to him. To this no answer was returned, and silence was maintained, for the *Rosario* was now entering the passage, and so interested was I at the novel surroundings of a man-of-war under steam, and so lost in admiration of the perfect discipline on board, that for the time being I forgot that the Captain of the *Leonora* was a prisoner, and that I was also apprehended on a serious charge.

Slowly and gracefully the great ship steamed through the passage, and brought up within a cable's length of the king's

wharf, where the anchor plunged below to its resting-place on the coral bottom. No sooner had the man-of-war come to anchor than Mr. Morland and the native missionary, who followed him like a shadow, came on board, and were received by Her Majesty's representative. A consultation took place, after which I was separated from my companion, and, without being able to exchange a word of farewell, was hurried down to the gun-room. As I placed my foot on the ladder leading to the 'tween decks' I turned. He waved his hand to me in farewell. *We never met again!*

While I was detained in the gun-room a midshipman told me that Captain Hayston had been permitted to go on shore, under the charge of an officer, to collect his personal effects and write letters, as he had been informed that I would not be permitted to have any further communication with him.

The midshipman said that Mr. Morland had seemed surprised at Captain Hayston's not being put in irons, and was at that moment collecting evidence in order to formulate a series of charges against him before the captain of the *Rosario*. My informant added, 'If Captain Hayston is such a blood-thirsty ruffian as he is described to be, he certainly shows no indication of it.'

Several of the warrant officers now gathered around and pressed me with questions concerning Hayston. One of them jocularly inquired where the Captain's harem was located, adding that it was a pity to separate him from them, and that there was plenty of room on board the *Rosario* for ladies.

I was burning with anxiety to know on what particular charge Hayston had been arrested, and how the captain of the *Rosario* had heard of the loss of the *Leonora*. They

told me then that the *Rosario* had been searching for Hayston for some time, under instructions from the Commodore of the Australian Station, to whom representations had been made concerning alleged depredations committed by him (Hayston) in the Line Islands. The *Rosario* had visited a number of islands, and endeavoured to obtain evidence against Hayston, but that it had resulted in a failure, nearly every one, when it came to the point, declining to make any statement against him. The captain of the man-of-war then decided to proceed to Arrecifos, or Providence Island, which he knew to be one of Hayston's depôts. On arrival he learned from the two white men there that so long an interval had passed since his last visit that they fancied that the *Leonora* had been lost.

These two men were taken on board, and the *Rosario* made for Strong's Island. When

within 400 miles she met the little *Matautu*, who signalled a wish to speak. As soon as Captain Warner boarded the man-of-war he informed the commander of the loss of the *Leonora*, and of Hayston's presence on the island. He also handed in several written charges made by himself against Hayston, and, as well as I can remember from what I was told, was about to return to his schooner when the *Morning Star* hove in sight.

On board of the missionary brig was Mr. Morland, and a consultation then took place between the two captains and this gentleman, who was, of course, delighted to hear of the loss of the *Leonora*, and that Captain Hayston was to be taken prisoner.

The *Matautu* then bore away on her course, and the *Morning Star*, after landing Mr. Morland at the weather side of the island, went on her way, leaving him ashore,

perfectly assured of his own safety and the immediate appearance of the *Rosario* in Chabral harbour.

I could now understand the hints given me by the queen, as well as the expression of triumph on the faces of the missionaries as they returned from their interview with the king.

Presently an officer came down and asked me if I wished to obtain my effects from the shore. I at once sent a message to Kusis to bring me a small chest, in which were my worldly goods, as well as my power of attorney and letters of instructions from former employers in Samoa. I was going to make inquiries about Hayston, when the officer requested me kindly enough not to ask him questions, as he could give me no information. He told me, however, that the captain of the *Rosario* was at that moment engaged in hearing charges against Hayston

made by the king, Mr. Morland, and two or three of the traders from Pleasant Island. Also that some of the crew of the *Leonora* had been induced to come forward and make statements. I also learned that Hayston had been taken to South harbour in charge of an officer, for what purpose I could never learn, unless it was to give him an opportunity of escaping, as he could easily have written his letters in the king's house.

Two of the boats' crews were piped away, and I was told by an old quarter-master, with a humorous grin, that some of the officers had gone away in the boats to South harbour to have a look at the 'pirate's village, and bring away the unfortunate female captives.' All this time I was kept in close confinement, and the time passed wearily away. I was growing tired of the ceaseless questions from every one that came near me about Hayston, the *Leonora*, and our voyage

from the Carolines till the brig was cast away.

At night, however, the boats returned, and after the crews had been piped down to supper the good old sergeant-major of marines, suspecting the anxiety I was in as to Hayston's movements, startled me by telling me that he had escaped from custody when at South Island harbour.

He told me that as soon as the boat reached the village they found the place in a state of the wildest confusion. A messenger had come down along the coast and told the Captain's people that a man-of-war was at Lélé, and that Captain Hayston had been taken prisoner, put in irons, and was to be shot or hanged at once. A number of Strong's Island natives followed the man-of-war boats down from Chabral harbour, and these at once attempted to rush and ransack the station, which they were only prevented

from doing by the presence of the blue-jackets.

Hayston was escorted to his station, where he was at once surrounded by the girls belonging to the house and many others, among them being the carpenter's, steward's, boatswain's, and Antonio's wives —all clinging to him and impeding his movements.

Calling them all together, with such others of the natives as had not fled from the village at the sight of the blue-jackets, he told them that they need not be under any alarm, that he was going away in the man-of-war, and might not return for a long time —perhaps many moons, but that the super-cargo, Hilary Telfer, would be with them shortly, and they must be guided by him. Of course the Captain never for a minute imagined that I was then under the closest surveillance, and therefore would be utterly

powerless to carry out his promises made to them.

He then quietly seated himself, and wrote a quantity of letters to his agents in the different islands in the Line and Marshall groups. These letters he directed and enclosed to me, together with a power of attorney which he had previously drawn up, and a letter of instructions—all of which he laid on the table.

He then told his captors that he was ready to return with them, when (according to the statement made by the marines on their return to Lélé) he suddenly exerted his vast strength, and knocking several of them down, sprang into the sea and gained the mangroves on the opposite side of the harbour.

On my inquiring from the marine officer why he had not been pursued, that gentleman winked at me, and replied, 'No orders,

my boy, no orders; besides, he swam like a beaver, and to search the mangroves for one man would take a month of Sundays. Thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that, for some reason I could not fathom, the captain of the man-of-war was not particularly anxious to keep Hayston a prisoner, though I had heard him declare to Mr. Morland that the naval authorities would at last rid the Pacific of this man, who was a source of terror and dread from New Zealand to the China Seas.

When the boats returned from Utwé they brought up the man Jansen, whom Hayston had beaten and disgraced. He called himself, and was recognised by the captain of the *Rosario* as the chief officer of the *Leonora*, although he had long since lost his position on account of his rascally conduct. He seemed brimful of evidence as to Hayston's misdeeds, and I was after-

wards informed that when brought into the ward-room of the man-of-war the officers expected to have some thrilling stories of rapine and bloodshed. However, they were disappointed, as his evidence was little more than confirmatory of that of Captain Warner of the *Matautu*, in reference to the taking of some gear from the brig *Kamchamcha the Fourth.*

Mr. Morland and Likiak Sa appeared to be the leading spirits in obtaining charges against the absent Hayston, for the commander of the man-of-war was strictly neutral, and certainly not furiously indignant at his escape. They succeeded in obtaining his approval of the appointment of Jansen to take charge of the people and the station, under the supervision of King Tokusar, at Utwé. It was at this juncture that the letters written by Hayston to his agents, as well as the power of attorney and letters

of instruction to me, were produced by Mr. Morland. How they came to be in that gentleman's hands I do not know. A rough draft was made by him for the king's perusal, he said, and the originals were then brought to me by one of the lieutenants, who also handed me a bundle of papers which he said had been brought on board by a native.

These papers were my power of attorney, to hand over the ketch *E. A. Wilson* to Captain Hayston, and also a letter of instructions in reference to the crew—copies of which the reader has already seen. Feeling confident that I had but to show these documents to Commander Dupont to ensure an interview and my instant release, I requested to be ushered into the autocrat's presence. The Reverend Mr. Morland was present, and greeted me with such a smile of active benevolence that I longed to kick him.

When I presented the letter to Captain Dupont I was considerably surprised when he denounced them as forgeries, calling me at the same time a d—d piratical scoundrel and accomplished young villain, adding that my cruel behaviour in aiding and abetting Hayston in his villainies made him regret that he could not run me up to the yardarm as a warning. He finished this tirade by tearing up my papers and throwing them at me. Calling the sergeant of marines, he ordered me to be put in irons, from which, however, I was released before the *Rosario* put to sea.

Early next morning, much to my relief, there appeared on board the black shining face of Johnny Tilton, the young negro, who among others of the crew had been brought away from Utwé, in one of the man-of-war boats. Johnny, with his shipmates, was taken below and examined by

the captain and Mr. Morland. But as there was nothing against him personally or the Fijian half-caste Bill, they were permitted to return ashore. Before leaving, Johnny requested to be allowed to see me, which was granted.

The moment I saw his face I knew he had something of importance to tell me, for looking at the marine standing sentry over me, he said in Samoan, 'Le—alu uā sola i te po' (The Captain escaped in the night).

'Yes!' I replied, 'I know that already.'

'Ah! but I mean that he has taken the small boat and gone away altogether. Listen, I'll tell you all about it. After the man-of-war boats had gone away from Utwé, and the Captain had escaped into the mangroves, a number of the Strong's Islanders came down and said they were going to loot the place. Then the king sent down word that the captain of the man-of-war had declared

that the station now belonged to him (the king), and that he could do what he liked with the place. The king forbade any of the people to go into the Captain's house till Jansen came down with Likiak Sa, as these two had been appointed by the king and Mr. Morland to take charge. Well, there was a lot of us ran away into the mountains at the very first when we heard the Captain was taken prisoner. Bill Hicks and I were among them, also boy George and Sunday. Before we left I went to the Captain's house and told the girls that we were running away, and our wives were coming with us, and asked them what they intended to do. Old Mary said she would wait and see first if it were true about the Captain being taken prisoner.

'All the young women, too, though they were very frightened, said they would stay. I got Hope Island Nellie to give me three

Winchester rifles and a bag of cartridges from the back of the big house. I cut a hole through the side of the Captain's sleeping-place, and Nellie passed the rifles out to me quietly. I told Nellie that we were going to hide in the mountains till we saw whether the man-of-war wanted to catch us as well as the Captain. If not, we would return to Utwé.

'I took the rifles and wrapped them up in a long mat, and went down to the lagoon, where I found a canoe and took it. Bill and the others were waiting for me; they told me that the man-of-war boats were coming into the harbour, and that the Captain was in one of them; we watched them carefully and saw them go out of the harbour. Then Bill began to talk against the Captain, and said he would be glad if he were shot. He asked me if I was willing to make a dash into the village and

help him to bring away Nellie and Sara, as, if the Captain was taken away in the man-of-war, he was going to have them for himself.

'I told him that until Captain Hayston was taken away or dead that I intended to stick to him. So we nearly had a fight over it. Then Bill said all of a sudden that he intended to have Sara and Nellie, right or wrong. And as he had nothing to fear from the man-of-war, he would try if he couldn't fool the captain, and pretend he could tell him all about Captain Hayston robbing Captain Daly's station on the Line Islands.

'I told him I was not going to turn dog on the Captain, and he might do his dirty work himself.

'So off he went, and we saw him cross over in a canoe to young Harry's place, and knew he was going along the beach

to Chabral harbour. Then I talked to the others, and asked them what we ought to do, for I was afraid we would not see the Captain any more. Boy George laughed, and said he didn't care, but he meant to be beforehand with Bill and run off with Sara; that if I had any sense I would run off with Nellie, and let the other girls go adrift. He said we could easily live in the mountains till the man-of-war was gone, and then go back to Utwé. But I said I wouldn't do that, and that they would find that Sara would fight like a wild cat if boy George or any one else tried to take her away.

'Boy George then said if she wouldn't come he would put a bullet through her, and take Mila or Nellie instead. So then we had a row; he called me a black thief, and said I could go to h—l. He and the others cleared out and left me alone.

'It was then very dark, and as everything seemed quiet, I walked across the coral and got into the house on the point where some Strong's Island people live, the one you were brought to when you were washed ashore. The man and his wife Nadup were frightened at first; but they were good to me, and gave me food, and then they told me Jansen was in charge of the station; that the Pleasant Islanders were fled into the bush, and that the girls in the big house had run away when they saw him coming to them, drunk, with a loaded rifle in his hand.

'Only Nellie and little Kitty and Toby stayed behind. Nellie had a Winchester rifle, and pointed it at Jansen, who was afraid then to come into the house. Then she, Kitty, and the little boy collected as many of the Captain's things as they could carry, and taking a canoe, put out to sea,

intending to paddle round to Moūt, where they thought they would find you, who would tell them all about the Captain, and whether he was killed or not.

'But after they had gone four or five miles, the outrigger came off and the canoe capsized. They swam ashore and then walked back to Utwé, where they were told by some natives that you were also a prisoner on board the man-of-war. And the last that had been seen of Nellie, Kitty, and the boy, was that they started to walk to Chabral harbour to try and see the captain of the man-of-war, as they were afraid that Jansen would kill then.

'Well,' continued Black Johnny, 'when I heard that you were also a prisoner I thought I would run away into the bush again, as I knew Jansen would put a bullet into me whenever he saw me if I did not get first shot. Just as I was thinking very

hard what I should do, I heard some one walking on the broken coral outside the house. I knew the footstep; it was the Captain! I crept outside, and saw him standing up leaning against a stone wall. He had two pistols in his sash and a Winchester rifle in his hand. He seemed to be considering. I whistled softly, and then spoke. He shook hands with me, and then raised his rifle and pointed it at the head of the Strong's Islander, who, with his wife Nadup, had followed me. They ran outside and threw themselves on the ground, and grovelled in the way they do to old Tokusar, and swore they would not tell that the Captain had come back.

'We then had a hasty talk, and I told him about you being a prisoner. But he said you would soon be set free again and would return to Utwé, and I must stick to you and help to keep order; that after

the man-of-war had gone he would come back again. When I told him that the station was broken up, and that Jansen was in charge of thirty Strong's Islanders, and that the girls had run away, he said it was a bad case, and, picking up his rifle, he asked me where Jansen was sleeping. I saw what he meant to do, and begged him to let things be as they were, and not kill Jansen while the man-of-war was here.

'So he thought a while, and then said if he could find a boat he would get away, as he didn't think the man-of-war would follow him. By and by he would come back again, when he hoped to find you and me here all safe.

'The Strong's Island women then told us that the dingey had been brought down from Chabral harbour by Jansen, and was then lying outside the coral at anchor. "She'll do," said the Captain; "lend me a

hand, and we'll bring her ashore." But I made him lie quiet while I went for her; and I can tell you I was in a terrible funk all the time about sharks as soon as I began to swim out. Anyway I brought her in all right; and then the man and his wife brought a lot of cocoa-nuts and cooked food, and put it into the boat. I gave the Captain all the cartridges I had. He told me that he got the pistols from the place in the bush that you know of, and the rifle from young Harry, and that everything else there was all right.'

By this I knew that Hayston had visited a place in the bush where he had secreted his bags of money, besides firearms and ammunition.

Going on with his talk the young negro said, 'When everything was ready the Captain told me he meant to sail round the lee side of the island, and hide the boat in the mangroves till the man-of-war had

gone, and then he would return and wipe out Jansen and the traders.

'He told me, though (for he felt sure of your being set free again), that if it so happened that he did not return in ten days you would know that he had cleared out towards the north-west, and would try to reach the Pelew Islands. He said if he reached there he would soon get a vessel, as there were always plenty of small Spanish schooners about those islands, and he could easily put his hand on one or two people in the Pelews who would help him to take one. I asked him what we should do if, when we came back to Utwé, you found that Jansen was too strong for us? He said we should make no attempt to take forcible possession, but go and live with your people at Moūt. That as soon as the girls knew where we were they would be certain to come to us with little Kitty

and Toby. That we must wait till he returned, as he would never desert us.

'Then,' said Johnny, whose glistening eyes showed how deeply attached he was to his Captain, 'the poor fellow! he shook hands with me, and said I was made of the right stuff, and that the Almighty made a mistake when he gave me a black skin. Then, telling me to keep a stout heart, he got in and hoisted the sail. It was very dark, but there was a good land-breeze, and he sailed the dingey right along the edge of the reef till he came to the passage, and disappeared in the darkness. I ran across the strip of land on the sea side of the lagoon and waited till I saw him pass.

'In about half an hour I saw the little boat sailing along close in to the shore, just outside of the breakers, rising and falling like a sea-gull on the top of the heavy seas.

I could see the Captain's figure in the stern, and every moment expected to see her lifted high up on a roller and dashed on the reef. But though I shouted to him to keep farther out, the white figure in the stern never moved, and my voice was lost in the roaring of the surf.

'Then, as I saw him still keeping steady to the southward, just clear of the last sweep of the seas before they curled and broke on the reef, I remembered that only a few cables' lengths from the breakers there was always a strong current setting to the north, and that with a light breeze the boat would never stem it. That was why he hugged the shore so closely. At last, as I kept running through the undergrowth following the boat, I came to that place where there is a thick cane scrub. When I got through it he was nearly out of sight, and I sat on a boulder and

watched the sail gradually covered up by the night.'

Such, in effect, was the young negro's story. I could not help being affected by his evident sorrow, and told him that I feared there was no chance of me at least ever seeing the Captain again. Then, when the time came to part, I shook his hand warmly, and advised him to sever his connection with the *Leonora's* crew; also to go and see the king, who would not, at any rate, object to his remaining on the island to follow out the Captain's wishes as far as lay in his power.

Soon after Black Johnny had bid me good-bye young Harry came to say farewell, and with him Kusis and his family, and Lālia.

Harry told me that he saw the Captain after his escape, and urged him not to think of returning to Utwé just then, as

Jansen had a strong force of natives with him, and would certainly try to take or shoot him. But he was determined to find out how matters stood, and bidding Harry good-bye, set out across the mangrove swamp that lined the shore from Harry's station to the village at Utwé. He gave him the Winchester and cartridges, and the Captain assured him that he would not fire a shot except in self-defence.

I told Harry what I had learned from the young negro about the Captain's final movements, and that I was being taken away as a prisoner. He seemed very bitter against the other traders, whom he spoke of as trembling like whipped hounds before the Captain's frown when he was free, and who now, when he was a ruined and broken man, were loud in their threats and vapourings.

He also told me that he had received a

letter from the king and Mr. Morland, commanding him to deliver up to Jansen all oil, casks, boats, and other property in his possession belonging to Captain Hayston, and threatening him with deportation from the island if he refused. To this he sent a written reply to the effect, that unless the king and Mr. Morland could back up their demand by a boat's crew from the man-of-war, he would shoot the first man who stepped inside his fence.

They then appealed to Commander Dupont, who told them that as young Harry was an American citizen, he could not force him to give up the property, but advised the king and Mr. Morland to take the law into their own hands.

Young Harry then armed his wives and native servants with rifles, and telling them to make short work of any one attempting to seize Captain Hayston's property, set out

for Chabral harbour to interview the king. He told me that when he reached the king's house he found there the other traders, Mr. Morland, and the commander of the man-of-war. On the latter gentleman inquiring who he was, and what he wanted, Harry answered him very concisely by furnishing his name and nationality. He then stated that he had not come to see him (Commander Dupont), but the king, of whom he wished to ask by what right he dared to send him a letter threatening him with deportation from the island unless he consented to give up Captain Hayston's property. He warned him to be careful how he interfered with an American citizen, as there was an American cruiser now in the Caroline Islands. He (the king) would find he had made a serious mistake if he committed any outrage upon a citizen of the United States.

'You should have seen the look in the

British officer's face,' said Harry, 'when I stepped up to the old king, and nearly touching his face with my hand, said, "and I warn you, king, that the captain of an American cruiser will listen to the tale and redress the wrongs of the honest American citizen. He would think little of knocking your town about your ears."'

The old king never spoke, but glanced first towards the British officer and then to the missionary, but as neither of them offered suggestions, the poor old fellow could only mutter something to the effect that he was like a little fish in a pool, afraid of the sea because of the bigger fish, and afraid to stay lest the frigate birds should seize him. Young Harry quite enjoyed relating the scene to me, and said that as he was going away the king held out his hand and inquired in a shaky voice, 'I say, Harry, what you tink, what you do? Suppose

Captain Hayston come back, what become of King Tokusar? Oh! by God! now I be 'fraid every day; think I hear Captain Hayston speak me; make noise like bullock; I think better be poor native, no more king.'

Harry refused to advise the king, and then taking a good look at the white men present, said, 'Well, good-bye, King Tokusar! I am going back to my station—the station I am minding for Captain Hayston. I have six men and four women all armed, and the American flag on a pole in front of my door; and the first man that attempts to do me any mischief, white, black, or yellow, *I'll shoot him*. You can ask the white men from Pleasant Island if I am not a man of my word. They know me.'

Harry then got into his boat and pulled on board the man-of-war, where the first lieutenant very kindly allowed him to see me. I felt sincere regret at parting with

Harry, telling him to beware of the other traders. I repeated what had been told me by Kitty of Ebon and Lālia. He laughed, and said he was always prepared, and meant to do justice to the trust reposed in him by Captain Hayston. 'I'm the wrong man,' he said on leaving, 'to abandon any station and property left in my charge.' Then, with oft-repeated wishes that we might meet again, after hearing of the Captain's safety we parted.

Then came again good simple Kusis and his people with Lālia. She had in charge little Kitty and Toby. Poor Toby clung to my legs and sobbed as if his heart was breaking, when I told him that I did not know when the Captain would come back again. If no one else loved his master Toby did, and I tried in vain to assuage his grief. I was glad to hear from Lālia that she was going to young Harry's place with

the two children. There I knew they would be well treated and cared for.

'Look!' said she, pointing to the little fellow, 'the Captain had two good friends besides yourself, young Harry, and the nigger Johnny, but this little fellow has never ceased crying for "Captin" since he left the village in South harbour. Never mind, little Toby, we will wait and the "Captin" will be sure to come'; and then she stooped down, and tried by kissing and coaxing to prevent him from giving utterance to his doleful wails and sobs of grief.

Lālia told me, as with glistening eyes and trembling hands we said farewell, that her one hope now was to be able to get back to her distant home on Easter Island, that Captain Hayston would return with a ship; and, if he went towards Samoa or Tahiti, take her with him for that portion of the many thousand miles that lay between

Strong's Island and her native land. That he would do this she felt confident. 'For,' she said, 'he once told me that he would stand by me if I was in trouble—it was when we were all washed ashore together, you remember—*and he never breaks his word.*'

Whatever Lālia's past life had been, I could never help admiring her many noble traits of character. I owed her life-long gratitude for her heroic self-sacrifice on the fateful night of the wreck of the *Leonora;* by me, at least, she will never be forgotten. Poor Lālia! Brave, loving, lovely child of the charmed isles of the southern main! reckless alike in love and hate, who shall judge? who condemn thee? Not I!

Kusis, Tulpé, and Kinie clung to me as if they could not bear to say farewell. I see before me often the honest, kindly countenance of Kusis as, with his hand clasped in mine, he looked trustfully into my face and made me

promise that some day I would return and live with him once more. And so freshly at that time came the remembrance of the happy days I had passed in his quiet home, dreaming the hours away within sight of the heaving bosom of the blue, boundless Pacific Ocean, so deliciously restful after the stormy life of the *Leonora* and her wild commander, that I believe I really intended to return to Strong's Island some day; but, as we used to say at Sydney College, '*Dîs aliter visum.*'

Queen Sê sent me a letter as follows:—

DEAR FRIEND,—Kitty Ebon send Lālia to see you. We all very sorry, but must not say so, because Mr. Morland very strong man now. Where you think Captain Hayston go in little boat? I 'fraid he die in boat. I very sorry for Captain—very kind man, but bad man to natives sometimes. QUEEN SÊ.

Enclosed were these pencilled lines from Kitty of Ebon:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—All the people from Moūt been to Mr. Morland to ask why you are in prison, and he says

you will be hanged for stealing a ship. We all very sorry, all Moūt people love you very much—and me too. Good-bye, dear friend, come back to Kusis and Moūt people, for I don't think you be hanged in Fiji.—Your sincere friend, CATHERINE EBON.

But when the light-hearted blue-jackets manned the capstan and merrily footed it round to lively music, and the great steamer's head was pointed to the passage, my thoughts were far away, where in fancy I discerned a tiny boat breasting the vast ocean swell, while sitting aft with his face turned to the westward, his strong brown hand on the tiller, was the once-dreaded Captain of the *Leonora*; the lawless rover of the South Seas; the man whose name was known and feared from the South Pole to Japan, and yet through all, my true friend and most indulgent commander. With all his faults, our constant association had enabled me to appreciate his many noble qualities and fine natural impulses. And as the black hull of the *Rosario*

rose and fell to the sea, her funnel the while pouring forth volumes of sable smoke, the island gradually sank astern, but the memories connected with it and Captain Hayston will abide with me for ever.

Harry Skillings I never saw again, but heard that he went to Truk in the North-west Carolines. Black Johnny was murdered in New Britain. The other Harry with his native wife fell victims to the treacherous savages of the Solomon Islands. Jansen died a few years since on Providence Island. Some of the other traders and members of the crew I have heard of from time to time, scattered far and wide over the isles of the Pacific. Lālia died in Honolulu about five years since, constant in her attempts to reach her distant home on Easter Island.

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